The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CX NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1920 No. 2858

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE NATION PRESS, INC.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, NEW YORK. Chicago Office: 1170 People's Gas Building. British Agents for Subscriptions and Advertising: Swarthmore Press, Ltd., 72 Oxford St., London.

"I AM not in politics," declared Mr. Hoover on February 18. "No, I am not now or at any other time going to have anything to say on the political situation." "I am not a party man," he added on February 24. "Before I can answer whether I am a Democrat or Republican, I shall have to know how each party stands on those issues" (the "forty live issues in this country today"). Eighteen days earlier he had also declared that "until it more definitely appears what party managers stand for, I must exercise a prerogative of American citizenship and decline to pledge my vote blindfold." But he was willing then to go either Democratic or Republican, for he said "I must vote for the party that stands for the League." By March 11 he stated in a letter to Ralph Arnold, of Los Angeles, that he was an "independent progressive," objecting "as much to the reactionary group in the Republican party as I do to the radical group in the Democratic." On March 30 Mr. Hoover telegraphed to the Hoover Republican Club that "recent developments over the treaty . . . convince me that it is my duty to confirm the action that my Republican friends there [California] have already taken without consulting me." Therefore, he declares, without waiting to hear from party managers or parties, "if the Republican party, with the independent element of which I am naturally affiliated, adopts a forward-looking, liberal, constructive platform on the treaty and on our economic issues . . . and is neither reactionary nor radical in its approach to our great domestic questions . . . I will give it my entire support." "While I do not and will not myself seek the nomination," he concluded, "if it is felt that the issues necessitate it and it is demanded of me, I cannot refuse service." On April 3, Mr. Hoover further illuminated his situation by writing "I trust I shall not be further embarrassed by suggestion of some independents of alternative placing my name before *any other party*, for a primary sense of team-work in any party organization would preclude such a possibility." Thus, at last, Mr. Hoover lands squarely in the Republican camp, is in a receptive mood toward the Presidency, and is finally in politics. But what is the public to think of such political inconsistency and instability as this brief record reveals?

IF one may judge from the recent confused and contradictory dispatches from Germany, there has been a partial settlement between the Government at Berlin and the workmen's army in the Ruhr district. For the moment Germany has another breathing spell; any immediate danger of a renewal of the general strike is at an end. Yet we cannot believe that the danger of Bolshevism is over in Germany any more than in Italy, where there is great anxiety as to what will take place on the first of May. We cannot feel that the compromise Cabinet of Herman Mueller, comprising as it does Majority Socialists, Democrats, and members of the Center, has the ability or the strength to last very long. The next eight weeks are critical ones for Germany. The American Friends' Unit cables from Berlin that the pinch of food will be greatest in April and in May. In addition, Ebert is giving no signs of moving vigorously against Luettwitz and Kapp. There is no evidence that he has put them under arrest, or that he is capitalizing in any way the indignation of the working people at the attempt to restore the monarchy. He does not even seem to have disarmed the Baltic troops who supported Kapp. Allowing for all his difficulties, Ebert must surely show much greater force of character and determination to rule than he has yet displayed, if there is not to be a renewal of trouble. In present circumstances, he cannot win the respect or the support of the labor unions, of the liberal minded, or of the Independent Socialists who have not gone over to Communism.

THE French threat to march further into Germany, if executed, will reveal more clearly than ever the imperialistic designs of the present rulers of France, which most press commentators both here and abroad have refused to recognize. The truth is, as the New York *World's* Paris correspondents have been bringing out, that the French, having learned nothing from past experience, are bent on taking the Palatinate and as much more of the left Rhine bank as they

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can walk off with. Any excuse would do. If it were not the marching of troops into the Ruhr district, it would be something else. The pretense is, of course, that the approach of the Reichswehr menaces France and violates the treaty. But the treaty has already been breached in half a dozen other places, usually with the consent of the Allies. As for any of the existing German troops being a menace to France, that is preposterous in view of the fact that Ebert's soldiers could hardly make headway against undisciplined and unorganized German Communists. The French press would have declared Ebert guilty of a wrong to the Allies and his own people if he had not sought to put down the Red revolt in the Ruhr district in the prompest possible way. England will have nothing to do with this undertaking, which will inevitably increase the growing tension between her people and the French.

IF the London *Times* is correctly informed, the Lenin Government has taken a remarkable action in regard to China, and set an example of international generosity and fair play to all the nations of the world, and particularly to those who have been holding up their hands in horror at the Soviets. According to a dispatch from Peking, dated March 29, the Moscow Government has sent a communication to the Peking Government expressing its sense of outrage at the crimes committed against China by the great capitalistic Powers and offering to annul all its treaties with China and to renounce all the privileges improperly acquired from China by the Government of the Czar. Thus, China is urged to resume negotiations for the restoration of the Chinese Eastern Railway, for the cancellation of the protocol of 1901, and of all the extra-territorial rights heretofore enjoyed by the Russians. In addition, Moscow proposes to renounce the rest of the Boxer indemnity, the special privileges of missionaries of the Russian Orthodox Church, and all mining rights in China. Furthermore, as an act of reparation, Lenin offers to give to China without charge the great Russian tea factories at Hankow. The only condition for all this is that the Chinese people shall have complete freedom to determine their own system of government. There is also, apparently, a vague offer of military assistance against foreign intervention. The *Times* correspondent says that China will gladly accept the offer. Why not? It is an action almost without parallel, and it ought to be, but will not be, followed by the governments of Japan, France, and Great Britain, those virtuous opponents of Bolshevism and exploiters of China.

THAT the Danish people are less grasping than their rulers is apparent from the storm of protest which arose out of King Christian's dismissal of the Zahle radical Ministry as a result of the plebiscite in the second Schleswig zone in favor of Germany. There is, however, strong agitation among the opposition parties for at least the provisional internationalization of the second zone and particularly of the town of Flensburg. The unexpectedness of the King's coup is shown by the fact that the Rigsdag had adjourned for the Easter recess. The action had unforeseen results, for at numerous mass meetings the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of a republic were advocated, and the Congress of Trades Unions passed a resolution for a general strike to begin on April 6. Strikes were reported in many towns. Apparently these protests have not been without effect. The King, in response to a deputation of town Councillors, accompanied by about 40,000 orderly but determined petitioners, called a conference of the leaders of all political parties at the palace on April 3. As a result the new Conservative Premier, M. Liebe, resigned on the understanding that a new Cabinet would be formed under M. Friis, formerly Director of the Ministry of Justice. In addition, amnesty was granted to political offenders, and electoral reforms, and a general election on April 22, were promised. The order for a general strike was officially rescinded though many of the workers seemed disposed to disregard this action.

THE two and a half million members of the French labor unions are planning to tax themselves one franc each for the relief of their comrade "enemies" in Austria. Other labor groups have already taken similar action. A first train of thirty-seven carloads of food, paid for through the International Federation of Labor Unions, crossed Europe from Holland to Vienna in February. Danish trade unions are lending their reserve funds at low interest to German unions for relief work. A group of Italian Socialist municipalities are providing for ten thousand famished Austrian children on the Italian Riviera. Dutch union members worked a full holiday, and turned over the day's wages, more than half a million florins, for the starving children of Vienna. The British miners and textile workers have contributed generously to the Quaker relief work in Central Europe. In days when the League of Nations is dissipating into squabbling imperialism, when even the financial Internationale hesitates, appalled by the specter of Bolshevism, it is a pleasure to record the spontaneous good-will of ordinary human beings, creating, if not a league, then an unconscious society of nations. American labor, unfortunately, still stands aloof.

IN spite of the opposition of the Church of England, the Roman Church, and various lay bodies, the Matrimonial Causes bill, offering wider facilities for divorce in England, passed its second reading on March 24. The bill, sponsored by Lord Buckmaster and supported by the Lord Chancellor, Baron Birkenhead, is the first general divorce legislation to be introduced since the starting of the war and is based on the report of the Royal Commission on Divorce, submitted in 1912. It widens the grounds of divorce, puts both sexes on an equality in obtaining releases, and, by establishing courts in various sections of the country empowered to handle such cases, makes it possible for persons of limited means to secure divorces. The debate on the bill was characterized by a degree of oratorical fervor that only a question involving public or private morality can evoke. Lord Braye, a Catholic, challenged the right of Parliament to legislate in the matter of divorce, declaring that "marriage was made not in the House of Commons but in a place which does not at all resemble the House of Commons—in Heaven." The Archbishop of York cited, as a cause for opposition, the startling increase in divorce under the present law. The various petitions for matrimonial relief, most of which result in divorce proceedings, have more than doubled in the last year and have multiplied five times since the Royal Commission's report in 1912. Lord Phillimore, also in opposition to the bill, told warning tales of the methods of "western judges" in the United States, and said "the state of America is of course known to all of us." In spite of clerical head-shaking, however,

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and of the reputed plight of family life in the United States, it was made evident by the vote that the public mind of England is no longer bound to the notion that suppression makes for morality and that only the upper classes can be trusted with self-determination in marriage and divorce.

WILL the united protest of New York labor, the neighborhood houses, the teachers, the City Club, and a host of aroused citizens prevent Speaker Sweet's phalanx of obscurantism from destroying freedom of education in the State? The five bills introduced at the instance of the Lusk Committee are far more than a thrust at Socialist schools: they aim to introduce in all educational institutions an espionage and bureaucratic control of opinion which could not be desired except by a ruling minority who hear the crack of their doom in popular enlightenment. First, all "schools, institutes, classes, or courses of instruction" other than public or recognized religious schools, must be licensed; second, all teachers must hold "certificates of loyalty." Such licenses and certificates would be revocable at any time without hearing and without trial. An appropriation bill would enable the State Attorney General to maintain a staff of spies to see that teachers and lecturers did not cross the deadline. In short, nothing would be inculcated in young or old which could not be approved by the most ignorant secret agent of a political machine which confuses social insurance with Bolshevism and without a qualm outlaws a political party. Such measures are almost too absurdly at variance with the American tradition to arouse the indignation they merit.

WITH much hysteria and excitement, the Legislature at Albany has passed the eleven bills designed to curb rent profiteering in New York City and Governor Smith has made them law. They are nothing but temporary paltering with the situation, and, in the opinion of conservative and decent real estate men in New York, will make the situation worse, despite the fact that the landlords are still allowed rent increases of twenty-five per cent a year. For this the grasping landlords have only themselves to blame. When it was proposed to limit profits to twenty per cent net income on the assessed values, one of them protested, saying, "We want all the money we can get." And the day was not saved by one of those moderates, who shrink from a logical case, saying: "We mustn't try to jab it in too soon." Some of the landlords have had lean years and one of them was frank enough to say "We expect to obtain enough in the next two years to tide us over the next five years." That is the story of real estate conditions in New York—rich profits some years and many lean months following. Plainly, it is a situation that calls not for legislation in hot haste, but for the most careful study and scrutiny, and a digging down to the root of things. If private capital cannot master the situation, if the law of supply and demand will not take care of the mounting congestion and provide adequate living quarters, then the city or the State will inevitably take a hand.

THAT government interference does not always work well is clear enough from the experience of England whose over-crowded inhabitants would be glad of some houses—say 500,000 for a beginning. In the last fifteen months, mild state-aid schemes have given them only 246 houses, although the British people can cheer up each evening by going to one of the many new motion picture palaces being built throughout the country. In New York city the danger is that the Albany emergency devices will merely stay public clamor without relieving the housing shortage. The city's present need is 40,000 apartments. At the height of the housing shortage last year, about 20,000 flats were still vacant—"old law" tenements erected before the enactment of the Tenement House law. Some of these have been and are being remodeled and made use of, but if the situation grows worse, there will be such proposals as those of the National Conference of Labor Women in England for rationing rooms in unoccupied or partially occupied houses, a measure that has actually been put into effect in Munich and many other German cities. Our land reformers insist that the way out is by taxation of land values and the forcing of unoccupied lands into use. The landlords and dealers in mortgages feel that the thing to do is to attract more capital into the business by lighter taxation, and more stable returns. One thing is plain: it is no time for half-way measures. The problem must be studied as a whole and there must be far-reaching remedies applied.

TRADE union adherents of the Labor party will be deeply indebted to Mr. W. G. Lee, president of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, for his endorsement of General Wood for the Presidency. No better illustration could be offered of the futile vagaries to which labor officials who attempt the "non-partisan" policy are liable. It has long been known that Mr. Lee is not sympathetic with the Plumb plan, but it could not have been expected by his most sanguine opponents that he would entangle himself with a candidate who is opposed to all forms of government ownership and sees eye to eye with the large industrial interests on virtually every question. Mr. Lee's statement should be tacked to the wall of every union office and kept there as an example of what the policy of political compromise leads to.

HANGING and wiving go by destiny. For every Jonathan Wild there is somewhere an adequate John Ketch; from the ends of the earth noose and neck rush to meet each other. For every Jack there is some compliant Jill; from all the plains and valleys the couples scramble up to the difficult ark of matrimony. Sheba travels to Solomon and the event is set down in the book of Kings. Cæsar rules over Rome and Cleopatra over Egypt, but the wet sundering leagues cannot separate them. Nat Goodwin, it is true, never married Lillian Russell, but the universe felt that something had gone amiss. Destiny had fallen down. How then should Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks fail to swing into the orbit calculated from the beginning? If she is not queen of her particular Sheba, Sheba never had a queen. If he is not the gayest of Solomons, at least he has written a book, and unquestionably he rules his jovial dominion in his own right. In this wedding the royal line crosses. It is as expected and as gratifying as the conclusion of a feature film. Obstacles have kept the prince and princess apart, but obstacles do not last forever. After the conflict there must be peace, and before the final curtain there must be a happy ending. How evil are those dispositions which interpret this amalgamation of splendors in economic terms; which hint that the joint revenue of the pair—to judge by figures made elaborately public—will be three times what he earned before; which calculate that his income will actually pay her income tax.

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Treason to America

NO more dangerous blow has been struck at our republican institutions than the long-expected ousting of the five Socialists from the Assembly at Albany, coupled as it is with the threat to bar the Socialists from the polls in New York State until the party's creed is made over to suit the Republican masters at Albany. Speaker Sweet's crass ignorance of what constitutes the soul of American institutions is significant because there are so many in press and pulpit and office to share and applaud his offense. When American democracy can thus be stabbed in the back by those who avow that they alone can speak in her name, it is time for another De Tocqueville or Bryce to write not of a triumphant but of a retrograding democracy. We do not believe in the practice of denouncing as betrayers of their country those whose opinions one dislikes, but if the words "traitors to America" apply to anyone it is to Sweet and Cuvillier and the rest of their cohorts who defend America from doctrines they do not like by striking the deadliest possible blow at freedom of thought and freedom of representation in government.

Convicted of no act of wrongdoing, these five Socialists have been ousted because of their opinions, because of the rapidly growing fear of the Socialist power in this and in other countries, and because our self-constituted saviors of society saw a chance to utilize the general atmosphere of hysteria for partisan purposes. If one grants to them sincerity in their crusade to free us from a political menace, then must one also attribute to them blindness as to what such procedure has always resulted in the world over and a lack of ordinary human intelligence hardly to be conceived. It would seem as if the alternative, stupidity and insincerity, were the better presumption. In either event, the Republican leaders have helped the Socialist cause immeasurably and have made Americans by tens of thousands declare that political government has collapsed. Sweet and his compatriots are forcing an issue they will be the first to run from, and they are the least fitted to deal with. They have greatly advanced the day of revolution, social and economic, the likelihood of which is hourly demonstrated by the total inability of the two great political parties in the nation to remedy any of the existing evils, to give us a program which will in the slightest degree voice the needs and aspirations of the multitude.

What the Albany Republicans have done is the result of the inevitable reaction which always comes to their type of mind after a war. It bears out the predictions of those who maintained from the day of our entering the struggle that the question was not how far the world's democracy would be safeguarded and advanced, but how deep and far-reaching would be the damage to our own. Reaction is the same everywhere and at all times. An ardent upholder of the existing order, William Roscoe Thayer, once wrote:

> But that is the defect of the Tory. However patriotic he may be, he is blind to patriotism in others. The Tories of 1775 supposed that the patriotic unrest of the American colonists was only a financial irritation; the Tories of 1859 set down Italian patriotism as a mask for dynastic greed; the Tories of 1862 supposed that the motives which impelled Lincoln and the North to preserve the American Union and abolish slavery were purely commercial. . . . That is the penalty of a Conservative—he cannot understand the ideals which beckon mankind forward.

Ireland and British Labor

IRELAND, which long ago repudiated British sovereignty, will not accept a narrow measure of Home Rule from a Government which has apparently lost the confidence of the British people themselves. The new bill, adopted by the Coalition as a result of what Lloyd George calls a "practical" consideration of the question, has so little political reality that it amounts to nothing more than a new commentary on the insincerity of the Conservative-Liberal leadership. Its only practical effect, as George and Carson must know, will be a continuation of the policy by which, according to the British Labor party's Irish Commission, "every institution of which we as British citizens are so proud—a free press, freedom of speech, liberty of the subject, and trial by jury—are things of the past in a large part of Ireland, and rule by military force, which we sought to destroy when resorted to by Germany, is an established fact in the south and southwest of Ireland." Ireland will await new political alignments. The bill itself is not so important as the position that will be taken toward it by British Governments of the future. What has Ireland to hope from the independent Liberals or from Labor?

"What did Home Rule mean to us?" rhetorically queried Asquith in the three days' debate of last week in the House of Commons. "Votes," was the prompt reply from the Government benches, and the House roared with laughter. It was a fair hit, for the former Premier's strength was in the Nationalist-Liberal *bloc* in Parliament, and his collapse in the face of Ulster direct action forever robbed him of the chance to revive it. Moreover, his present position can do little more than attract votes at the polls, for it does not include the first essential of a policy which could result in actual dealing with Ireland—the recognition of Irish right to independence. Though Lloyd George's tactics are disingenuous, he sees the realities of the situation. "The difficulty of the problem," said the Premier, "was that no proposals which would be acceptable to any party in this country would be accepted by any party in Ireland. If the people of Ireland were asked what plan they would accept, they would say by an emphatic majority 'We want independence and an Irish republic.'" In essence it is a question of what is to be done with the troops. Either they must be withdrawn from the south of Ireland, thus giving the republic an opportunity to establish itself internally, or they are to be kept where they are, to enforce upon an unwilling people a solution devised across the Channel. Any opposition to the Government's Irish policy which does not envisage these alternatives is nothing but a device for vote-catching.

The Premier's statement fairly represents also the attitude of the Labor party. Labor is committed, to be sure, to "self-determination," and the report of its Irish Commission, printed in full on another page, states that "The acceptance of this principle implies the right of the Irish people to determine their own future." This right, however, is not left unqualified. If Ireland were left free to decide, she would, "upon mature consideration," conclude not to sever completely the link between her and the Empire. The Commission would therefore acknowledge the "principle" of self-determination, but "the constitution conferring self-government on Ireland should not be subject to revision by the Irish people until after an agreed number of years, during which under self-government they would

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have an opportunity to return to a more normal state of mind, free from prejudices and animosities engendered by the failure of the British Government in the past to satisfy Irish demands." A constitution to be thus "conferred" would grant dominion self-government with provision for the protection of minorities—defense and foreign relations to be left with the Imperial Parliament—or an Irish constituent assembly would be granted the right to draft a similar document for itself.

Under the phraseology of this document it appears that the Labor party Commission also is ready to enforce a solution which Ireland does not now want. Else why hesitate to put the assumptions to the test? Why not leave Ireland free to decide in truth, and put actual trust in her mature consideration? The fact is that British Labor politicians are no more to be trusted on Ireland than Tories or Liberals. Even the dominion government they have in mind would probably carry important reservations as to taxation and customs. The foreign policy of the common man, so far as the British Empire is concerned, is instinctively imperialistic. He, too, accepts expansion of territory almost as a process of nature, as a tribute to what he regards as the Briton's inborn capacity for governing more excitable races. By changing the word empire to the word commonwealth he hopes to avoid the necessity of ever hauling down the British flag where it has once flown. To catch his vote the Labor party, even if it wished to grant independence to Ireland, would probably avoid the issue.

This kind of policy, though dictated by the immediate exigency, may be fatal to the Labor party in the long run. It cannot use the Irish issue merely as a means of attack on the Coalition, for the Coalition is sure to bequeath the Irish problem to its successor. Would a Labor Government withdraw the troops from Ireland without conditions? If Ireland then elected complete freedom rather than a dominion government, would the troops stay out? Such questions might as well be faced now as later. Courageous answers of the right sort must eventually be made, if British labor is to retain not only the solidarity of its own ranks but the respect and assistance of labor in America and the colonies, which it will so sorely require. If the answers were made now, they might postpone success in the elections for a while, but they would render the eventual task easier. The British public needs to be educated to the fact that Ireland has already exercised self-determination, and can be prevented from putting its decision into effect only by an army of occupation.

Of course there is the armed rebellion of the Carsonites to be reckoned with. But that was encountered even in an attempt to install Home Rule, and there is no reason to suppose it would not be invoked against dominion government. The chances are that the opinions and temper of which Carson is representative will be ready to carry on open warfare against the government of Labor in England as well, the moment drastic economic measures are passed. An Ulster minority has a genuine right to consideration, so far as its objections to Irish unity are founded upon anything but the predatory economic régime against which the British Labor party is pledged to struggle throughout the realm. But it has yet to be proved that the legitimate rights of this minority could not be guaranteed without thwarting the will of the majority.

It may be gratuitous to offer suggestions to a foreign party, especially one for which we have in general so much sympathy and of which we have so much hope. It would certainly be ungenerous not to recognize the immense perplexity of the problem. Yet, just because the success of the British Labor party means so much for the world, and particularly for the masses in the United States, we are constrained to express what we are morally certain will be the judgment of American labor on this issue. There is no question of British policy on which workers on this side of the Atlantic are so well informed and so sensitive; there is none in which lie greater possibilities of a disastrous split between British and American labor. The conservative factions of American labor, those who would tend in any case to minimize the achievements of British workers in politics, are just as sympathetic with the Irish cause as are the radicals. Entirely aside from the issue of international morality, we must hope for our own sakes that the British Labor party will be startled out of its complacency on Ireland soon enough to avoid alienating labor throughout the world by a repetition of the blindness and brutality of its predecessors.

Raphael 1520-1920

THE sixth of April was the four hundredth anniversary of the death of the world's most loved painter. From his own early youth until today Raphael Sanzio has remained, notwithstanding the occasional vagaries of criticism of the "Pre-Raphaelite school," the favorite artist of the common man. That, in thirty-seven years, he covered so many canvases and walls with designs and colors of imperishable beauty, is a testimony to his industry; that he left the then enormous property of $140,000 at his death, witnesses the esteem in which he was held. His first biographer, Vasari, can only say of him that Nature outdid herself in producing at once a perfect character and a perfect art. Gentle, sweet, and courteous in his manner, his life was a work of art no less lovely than are his pictures.

It is one of those convenient coincidences that seem almost symbolic, that Raphael and Luther were born in the same year (1483), for they were both products of the same process—the metamorphosis of mediæval religion. Like a tempest the Reformation swept over Europe; Luther was its thunder, Raphael its rainbow. Whether or not they met in Rome, as they might have done, in December, 1510, their life-work was the same, to make religion understanded of the people. The whole Bible, which by Luther was translated into the vernacular, was by Raphael translated into the yet clearer language of sense. The great majority of his pictures have religious subjects; he was the supreme illustrator of the Bible. All men now, instinctively, when they picture some New Testament scene, the nativity or the crucifixion or the entombment or the miraculous draught of fishes or the ascension, figure it in their own minds in the terms made familiar by Raphael. Delicacy, pathos, spirituality, idyllic loveliness are spread on all his canvases —everything, in fact, but realism or tragedy. "Beautiful as a Raphael Madonna," says an Italian proverb, and such a beauty, neither too ethereal for love nor too sensuous for adoration! Divine tenderness, motherhood at its holiest, gazes from the face of the Sistine Madonna, "whose eyes are deeper than the depths of waters stilled at even." The simple, unsophisticated man will worship a Raphael where

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he will only revel in a Titian. Strangely touched by the magic of this passionate lover of the church and of mortal women, the average man of that day, or of this, has found and will find for his heart glad tidings in the very color of Mary's robe. "Let him who would know how Christ transfigured and made divine should be painted," says Vasari, "look on Raphael's painting."

Next to the Bible Raphael found his great inspiration in the history of the church, so much so that his work has a certain learned stamp, as of one of the typical scholars of the world, like Milton and Virgil. In his Disputa (so-called) he made transubstantiation visible; in his great cartoon of Leo I turning back Attila, he figured Leo X warding off a mightier enemy. In his Parnassus and School of Athens, he made philosophy popular. Indeed it is for the people he painted, and from them that he has reaped his great reward. On all his canvases is written large his noble spirit, as of one saying "I will not offend even one of these little ones." Like them he looked out upon the world at spring-tide, and he found it a rapture. He found life lovely, and he made it lovelier still. He preached the gospel, no less sacred to him than that of the Puritans to them, of the goodness as well as the glory of this world and of the beauty as well as the duty of holiness.

The Third Party in Industrial Disputes

THE objection of the railway unions to the inclusion of "representatives of the public" in the adjustment board provided for by the Esch-Cummins act has just been given point by the agreement of the representatives of the operators and of the public on the President's Coal Commission, in opposition to Mr. White of the miners. It is easy for anti-labor commentators to interpret this objection, now general among the unions, as evidence of a parochial spirit which cares for nothing but wage advances, no matter what the expense to the consumer. No one is louder in his expression of solicitude for the public in these circumstances than the employer himself, who makes use of the consumer's interest to condemn strikes in general, or, when a wage increase is asked, to announce that it can be granted only at the cost of higher prices. We shall miss an opportunity for valuable analysis of the industrial problem, however, if we accept uncritically the hostile estimates of labor's reasons for fearing the representatives of the public on boards of conciliation and arbitration. In any such board, the representatives of the employer and those of the employee not only stand for certain interests, but they are also responsible to definite groups of people with announced aims. There is nothing hazy about the bases of their action; the representatives come together to negotiate about issues as concrete as are the issues between any seller and any buyer. Since they are likely to disagree, a third party injected into their counsels naturally holds the balance of power. It becomes, therefore, of supreme importance, especially in bargains directly affecting the daily bread of hundreds of thousands of workingmen and the prosperity of many business concerns, who that party is and what leanings he is likely to have.

"We will furnish you with a representative of the public," says the government. "Very well," answers labor, "but what do you mean by the public? Do you mean the same thing that you meant when you appointed Judge Gary and Mr. Rockefeller as representatives of the public in the Industrial Conference? Are you going to give us another Palmer or Burleson? Where is this public? Is it to be found among the constituency of the New York *Times*? Is it the same privileged group that the newspapers talk about when they say that the public demands that all strikes cease and that strike leaders be thrown into jail? We represent a considerable public ourselves. We know what the working people want, and they make up a large proportion of the population. We prefer to fight the issue out on our own lines, as do buyers and sellers of real estate, or wheat, or anything else of just as much importance to the public as the work of our hands, and of less importance to its proprietor."

Before it can justly be said that the public has an interest entitling it to representation on adjustment boards, one must be a little clearer about what he means by the public, what the public interest is, and how that interest can be so organized that its representative may really be responsible to some visible constituency. Do we want the representative of the third party to express the police powers of the state? Do we expect him to speak for all employers and all employees except those directly concerned? Should he care for the interests of that indeterminate group of persons who are neither employers nor employees? Should he be a representative of agriculture, as opposed to machine industry in general? Or should he see that the peculiar interests of the people as consumers are conserved? These functions differ from each other, and they have different implications.

If, for instance, the decisive factor is to be police power, it is highly undesirable to exercise that power without first determining in some detail its function and limits in industrial relations. If the state is to have a deciding voice in fixing wages and hours, it should use it according to principles framed for the general welfare. Must it not guarantee to the workers certain minima? Must not business be forced to bear the burden of these minima, no matter what readjustments they involve? And if the minimum is not to become a maximum, some standard of return on investment will have to be established in order to show how large an increase labor may justly demand. These and a hundred other questions, of no small complexity, need far more consideration than has yet been given them before the power of the state can wisely be applied in the matter.

It would be extremely difficult to constitute a third party from representatives of general employers' associations and federations of unions, since, except in extreme cases, their interests would diverge as do the interests of the parties immediately concerned. As for the persons who are neither employers nor employees, a glance at the census will show that they are hardly important enough numerically, if we exclude the farmers, to be accorded such an important voice. The farmers, on the other hand, have almost too diffuse an interest to be capable of representation by any single individual or group. Farmers of the Nonpartisan League would apply to industry principles quite different from those advocated by the absentee owners of costly land in Kansas. The tenant farmer of Oklahoma is likely to be a Socialist, while the gentleman farmer of Pennsylvania may be a prominent contributor to the National Security League.

Most of us, when we talk of the public in this connection, are probably thinking of the consumer. Yet here, too, there

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is confusion in our thought. We say to the worker that he should not object to representation of the consuming public, since labor itself forms such a large part of that public. Labor replies that since it is, as we say, largely identical with the consuming public, its representatives are the ones we are asking for. The truth is that the consuming interest of the workers and others is, in America, mainly unorganized. When, as in Denmark, we shall have developed inclusive consumers' coöperatives, those coöperatives may, as in Denmark, have representation on adjustment boards. To choose a well-intentioned gentleman more or less at haphazard, and then to call him a representative of the consumer, is not to contribute much to a scientific solution of conflicts over wages, profits, and prices.

This brief consideration of the problem is not intended to prove that it is insoluble, but merely to indicate that we should be wary of accepting improvised mechanisms as final, or of enforcing them with a high moral fervor against labor's will. Americans have nothing more to gain from unqualified devotion to the public as an abstraction than had the Germans from a similar worship of the state.

Our Naval Policy

BEFORE the House Naval Committee Secretary Daniels resurrected again—let us hope for the last time—the assertion that there is no alternative between acceptance of the League of Nations and making the American Navy "inc mparably the greatest" on the seas. He not only wished to complete the pre-war building program; he asked for additional cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and battleships as a special program in the event of considerable delay in our accepting the League of Nations, and, if we reject it, that we build at once to surpass any other fleet. This meant, as the English imperialists at once answered, a naval race with England—with England determined to keep in the lead. That such a rivalry would inevitably mean a conflict, no reasoning mind can doubt. That it would put both nations well on the road to bankruptcy is perfectly obvious. If anyone doubts, let him turn to the Secretary of the Navy's own reports before the war; he will find it clearly set forth there.

There could be no clearer illustration of the way the shams, the illusions, the self-deceptions, the monstrous stupidities that characterize the military mind, and particularly the civilian mind set to rule over military ones, continue to hold their sway, even after the late failure to safeguard or extend democracy by force of arms, the "war to end war." Upon the slightest analysis, the absurdity of assuming that there is no other alternative becomes manifest. We have failed to enter the League, so Mr. Daniels, in his privy-chamber, when not reading the extremely damaging daily testimony of his admirals against his conduct of his Department, is doubtless planning to outstrip England. Why? Every naval policy ought to be related to some sound policy of statesmanship. Even naval officers declare that in framing a naval program the first step is to take cognizance of possible enemies, and the second to frame a program according to national aims. England's has been plain and simple: to dominate the seas. She has built, planned, and battled accordingly. We have had heretofore no such policy. What *is* our policy? Against whom do we arm and for what purpose? If it is to destroy British seapower by force, then Mr. Daniel's policy is arguable. The great outstanding naval fact in this aftermath of the war is that there remain but three navies upon the seas—the English, the American, the Japanese—in the order of their strength. England is our Anglo-Saxon ally and is the only possible opponent of our own mettle. Japan's fleet is but half our own. The German, Austrian, and Russian fleets are no more, and could not be revived in half a century if a revival were desired. The French fleet is not effective.

There is, therefore, but one deduction left. If Mr. Wilson and Mr. Daniels demand incomparably the greatest navy, it is to safeguard us against England and Japan, singly or together. If the League is the key to disarmament, it must be because they know that England and Japan will begin to disarm or limit their armaments as soon as the League is under way with our adhesion. The possibility that there might be another way out—simply by inviting Japan and England to agree to stop building—never enters the minds of these two statesmen, nor the mind of Congress. The House Naval Committee has clipped Mr. Daniels's wings, by voting only to complete the 1916 program.

The House Naval Committee does not even protest against that error in peace-time naval policy, by which, violating every teaching of Mahan, our doughty Secretary has halved the value of the battle fleet by dividing it between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. We have had some interesting revelations from our admirals. What would not be said if they should be asked to testify as to this bit of strategy? And no one in the White House or elsewhere is moving to rebuke Admiral Benson for his swashbuckling instructions to Admiral Sims to keep his eye on the English fleet and not to let England pull the wool over our eyes. Where are our ardent, shrieking patriots of the League of English Speaking Peoples? What clearer proof could there be than Benson's words of our assertion that there will inevitably be war between the United States and Great Britain if the admirals of both sides build and plot against one another? It has now been shamelessly confessed by that great British Sea Lord, Fisher, in his own autobiography, that he urged a peace-time raid upon the German fleet long before war came. How long will it be, if we build to surpass England, before a future Fisher or Benson will urge a similar act against the rival fleet in the dead of night?

That there is another way out, even if it is beyond so prolific a mind as Mr. Daniels's, is shown by the statement we have already quoted from Mr. Long, First Lord of the British Admiralty. He has declared that the United States and Great Britain "should compete only in reducing their ample margins of naval power." Last week Mr. Long showed in the House of Commons that the American naval budget is £44,000,000 in excess of the British and that while the personnel of the British Navy is being reduced, that of the American is being increased. In view of the fact that England once asked Germany to join her in suspending all naval building for a year, and in view of her present financial stringency—not to say bankruptcy—it is perfectly plain that England would rejoice to meet us half way and disarm. Disarmament is, moreover, one of the surest ways to prevent the further spread of world unrest. France, England, Japan, and America can disarm on the seas by mutual agreement without waiting for the League to act, and the glory of leading the way should belong to the United States. Not until the war fleets disappear will there be freedom of the seas and freedom from war's alarums.

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Our Future Trade With Russia

By ALBERT COYLE

IT is all but incredible that any government, severed from restorative relations with other nations, economically exhausted by nearly four years of world war, and then for two years longer compelled to maintain the longest battle front in human history, should not only have avoided complete dissolution and collapse, but should emerge from such a contest admittedly victorious, actually stronger economically than at the outset, and immediately prepared to conduct commerce with the rest of the world. The two facts which can alone explain Russian endurance are at the same time the best portent of the possibilities of future trade with Russia: first, Russia's tremendous natural wealth in the prime necessities for maintenance of life and production; secondly, rigorous devotion of the nation's entire energies to the military cause. Hence the suppression of all non-essential industries; the direction of all surplus labor power into the army; and the limitation of the transport system to the enormous task of maintaining an army of over two million men on a six thousand mile front, supplying only incidentally the minimum needs of the civil population. The dual effect of this iron regimen has been: (1) the amassing of large stocks of foods and raw materials which could not be transported for consumption or utilized for manufacture; and (2) the creation of the greatest vacuum of consumers' wants that the civilized world has ever known. In this situation reside both Russia's need and America's opportunity.

Unfortunately, American business men have been able to secure very little valid, accurate information about the possibilities of trade with Russia. "What commodities has the Soviet Republic to offer us in exchange for our goods?" "Of what articles does it most stand in need?" and "What are the conditions under which trade with Russia can be conducted?"—here are three extremely pertinent questions, upon the answer to which our future trade relations with Russia will depend. I shall deal with these questions in the light of certain information which I recently secured in Moscow from the reports of the Supreme Economic Council of the Soviet Republic, as qualified by personal observations and the historic facts of Russian trade.

I.

Any intelligent view of Russian commerce must consider its potential as well as its immediate value. Possessing one-seventh of the land surface of the globe and more than one-sixth of its white population, Russia holds a pre-eminent world position both with respect to the supplying of primary materials and the consumption of finished products. Russia stands first in flax, asbestos, and platinum and manganese ores. Even with crude methods, she formerly led all nations in the growing of wheat and cereals, 35 per cent. of which she exported to feed Europe. The largest coal field in the world is the Kuznetz in Siberia, and the Donetz Basin is not only the most important coal source in Europe, but, according to the estimates of the International Geological Congress, possesses about twice the anthracite reserves of the United States, and over three times those of Great Britain (about 38,000,000,000 tons). Independent of the immense forests of Siberia, two out of every three trees in Europe stand in Russia. Moreover, Russia formerly supplied more than a fifth of the world's cotton, stood second in the production of oil and beet sugar, and among the chief nations in silk, hemp, hides, furs, gold, silver, copper, asphalt, iron ores, osmium, tantalum, and iridium, besides lesser amounts of base chemicals, leather, hair, bristles, cinnabar, quicksilver, zinc, and lead. Complementary to Russia's natural wealth stand her superb human resources—the world's greatest supply of sturdy white man-power, awaiting only peace, tools, and technical direction to unlock her treasure vaults for the satisfaction of the world's needs.

But what of the immediate present? What materials can the Soviet Government now offer us in exchange for American products? The report of the Supreme Economic Council of the Soviet Republic shows that the Turkestan cotton crop of this year is 5,000,000 poods. (A pood is thirty-six pounds.) Flax increased to 4,000,000 poods, which, including reserves makes a total of 5,500,000 poods, about half of which will be utilized by Russian industry and the balance held for export. Wool production increased to 2,000,000 poods for the first half of 1919. The total needs of all factories for the year will not exceed 3,000,000 poods, the surplus being for export. While sugar statistics had not been recorded when I was in Russia, I was informed by a surveyor for the food administration, who had just returned from an inspection of the beet sugar district of the south, that they had only begun to use the 1917 crop. Our experience in drawing generous sugar rations (one-eighth pound per man per day) wherever we went, both from civilian and military depots, would tend to confirm this statement. The Moscow coal basin last year produced 38,000,000 poods of bituminous coal and 58,000,000 poods of peat, while the discovery of immense schist beds in the Samara and Simbirsk regions has opened up an important supply of fuel and tar products. Moreover, during the first few months of 1919, 4,000,000 poods of anthracite had already been mined from the Donetz Basin, and the subsequent recovery of that entire field from the hands of Denikin will make available a part of the normal 3,500,000,000 pood production. This might prove of some interest to Europe, which during 1919 produced over 200,000,000 tons of coal less than at any previous period of depression.

Contrary to common expectation, the wheat crop has not been ruined by the withdrawal of male labor for the army, for the reason that the Russian peasant women in many sections furnish the main agricultural labor. The most serious diminution is due to lack of agricultural implements, as evidenced from the returns of the large estates. Yet from August, 1918, to August, 1919, the new government secured 108,000,000 poods from eight of the least productive governments alone, which furnished but 60,000,000 poods in pre-war times and yielded only 75,000,000 poods during a year and a half of the war with Germany under pressure of the Czar's official machine. This success in collection of grain is largely due to the coöperative unions, which have been officially amalgamated with the Government food administration. Contrary to report, the Government is not compelled to resort to confiscation for its food supply. Outside of a negligible amount taken from food speculators after due legal process, all grain received during

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the past year was paid for in money or in goods, one and a half billion rubles' worth of the latter being distributed through the coöperative organizations to the peasants. Incidentally, the chairman of the coöperatives last year guaranteed a pound of bread per person per day after the 1919 harvest, estimating a total collection of 300,000,000 poods, of which about one-sixth will be available for export. The subsequent defeat of Kolchak has doubtless increased this surplus. Last October from Samara, Ufa, Orenburg, and the country just evacuated by Kolchak, the Government was already moving by water huge quantities of grain and flour, one shipment alone comprising 4,500,000 poods.

In addition to these commodities, Leonid Krassin, Commissar of Foreign Trade, states that there is also now available for the repayment of small foreign orders, linen, wood, light leather, platinum, hair and bristles, hides, furs, hemp, dairy products, small quantities of metals from the Urals, and gold specie; while for orders on a national scale, the Government is prepared to concede the right to work mines and forests. In the words of Chicherin, National Commissar for Foreign Affairs, "We realize that we need the capital and technical skill that foreign interests can provide for the development of our natural resources, and we are ready to give American business men concessions of forest leases to run for forty-nine years, providing that the exploitation is conducted in accordance with the laws of the Soviet Republic." The purpose of this proviso is thus expressed: "While we will permit foreign capital to exploit our mines and forests, we cannot allow it to exploit the Russian workingman."

II.

Turning now to the export side, what are the chief articles of which Russia stands in most immediate need? The basic problem of Russia today is not food but transportation. Russia before the war possessed excellent railroads, less punctual than German lines, yet better equipped, and operating on broad gauge tracks. Commissar Krassin, in charge of Ways and Communications, was general manager for all Russia of the Siemens-Schuckert interests upon the liquidation of German industries in Russia at the beginning of the war, and it is a genuine tribute to his ability that there is a railway operating in Russia today. Admittedly, at the end of Russia's struggle with Germany, her railroads were in a wretched condition. Yet in addition to running one daily passenger and goods train in each direction on the main lines (which we found to be surprisingly punctual), Krassin has met the transportation needs of a huge army with sufficient success to make possible recent military events. According to Krassin's statement, approximately half the rolling stock and locomotives in use in 1913 are now hopelessly worn out, while half the remainder is in need of fittings and parts. Although a new locomotive factory is now turning out several locomotives a week, yet Russia cannot begin to replace her rolling stock without outside assistance; and her broad-gauge rail standard makes America uniquely the one country that can be of immediate help to her. Moreover, the new Government has formulated a tremendous railroad construction program, which will require great stocks of materials for its realization. It is officially estimated that not less than 70,000 miles of steel rails are necessary to meet these needs.

In the second place, machinery and tools of all kinds, cutlery, electrical equipment, farm implements, wagons and tractors, and dairying appliances are needed in almost staggering quantities. An official of the Supreme Economic Council asserted last July that Russia could easily import twenty-five billion rubles' worth of this character of products alone. The situation is most acute. Russian factories have largely been converted for production of war materials, and have not the necessary machinery to revert back to production for peace purposes. I cannot discuss here the need for tools and machinery in the various industries, but as normative of the general situation, I will touch on the opportunity for American agricultural implement manufacturers. Prior to the war, in Western Siberia alone, over 100,000 plows a year were purchased. The branch Imperial Colonization Bureau at Omsk, one of three hundred such depots, annually supplied from 35,000 to 40,000 plows, in addition to other farm machinery. Soon after the outbreak of the war, the Government forbade the use of iron and steel in the manufacture of other than war materials. At the same time, the importation of farm implements from America was practically cut off. The ordinary process of deterioration was hastened by the rigorous use of implements, often in unskilled hands, so that over half the agricultural machinery in Russia has worn out since the war began. The new implement factory at Saratov is working to maximum capacity, but cannot begin to meet the demand.

This is not merely a commercial proposition. There is a political factor which we cannot disregard. Either Europe must have food or Europe will have revolution. Before the war Europe imported annually 500,000,000 bushels of grain to make up its deficit. Most of this came from Russia, with small amounts from Argentina and the United States. If we immediately send Russia sufficient farm machinery, we shall not only facilitate the collection of the July harvest in the southern black soil belt, but also enhance the northern yield in September and October, and by the next harvest enable Russia to feed Europe. What this will mean to the world is almost beyond calculation.

The third most immediate need is for clothing of all kinds, boots and shoes, soap, and such foods as milk and canned meats. Cotton clothing is less in demand, for the blockade has compelled Russia to develop this industry. Even before the war her textile mills were among the finest in the world, though exceeded in number of looms and spindles by those of Britain and America. In order to clothe the army these mills have had to be kept in operation, several of the largest still being under the able superintendence of the English spinners who directed them before the revolution. The mills are also manufacturing a light cotton-flax fabric for civilian needs, which is rationed out on the same basis as food. Yet, due to lack of transportation, new garments in the provinces are practically unknown outside of the army.

In passing, one might mention the necessity for chemical, medical, and surgical supplies, the lack of which has been one of the most cruel effects of the blockade. Tanning materials, automobiles, printing appliances, scientific instruments, photographic materials, paints, needles, and rubber goods are also among the primary demands which we can help to meet.

III.

The American business man has not been blind to the value of Russian commerce. There have been good and sufficient reasons why he has permitted Germany and Britain to corner approximately two-thirds of Russia's import and export trade, while we received less than 1 per cent. of her exports and contributed less than 9 per cent. of her imports. We have not held aloof on account of geographical position,

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for the distance from New York to Petrograd is about the same as from New Orleans to Liverpool, and actually shorter than the voyage from New Orleans to Le Havre. There are three substantial reasons why Russian trade has not appealed to Americans in the past: (1) Since the days of Vishnegradsky and De Witte, Russia has relied upon onerous import duties to provide sufficient crown revenues. Due to the great need for agricultural implements, however, these were admitted at a lower tariff than that charged on the raw materials of which they were made; and for this reason our pre-war exports to Russia largely consisted of such implements. Germany enjoyed the advantage of a special economic treaty with Russia, drawn up during the Russo-Japanese War (expiring by limitation in 1915), so that in some cases it was actually cheaper for American merchants to sell their goods to German firms for reshipment into Russia than it was to ship direct. (2) Furthermore, many of the most lucrative Russian markets were cornered by foreign concerns in such a way that the American found himself facing a closed game preserve. Thus, most of the electrical appliance trade was in the hands of German-controlled firms, while 50 per cent. of Russia's copper and 30 per cent. of her gold production was controlled by British corporations, which also dominated the Maikop (Kuban) oil fields and were playing to corner the Baku wells. (3) American firms were also at a great disadvantage because of their inability to secure competent representatives who knew the Russians and their language.

The Revolution has suddenly swept away all these barriers. Foreign trade is now a monopoly of the state; hence tariffs are illogical and unnecessary. And since the state now owns all sources of natural wealth, foreign concerns have lost their corner on certain valuable markets and commodities. Furthermore, since the state is the sole purchaser of foreign goods, there is but one agent with whom to deal—the Government, and an expensive Russian-speaking personnel becomes unnecessary. Incidentally, competitive costs are largely eliminated, and the payment of all sums is guaranteed. As between manufacturers of different nations, the Commissar of Foreign Trade has already declared that purchases will be made after due expert comparison of the products and prices offered, regardless of nationality.

IV.

The dearth of raw materials in Europe has paralyzed production and made economic reconstruction almost impossible. In the past Russia has been the chief source of these materials. What if they are not soon forthcoming? Premier Nitti of Italy has declared that a continuance of the blockade against Russia means revolution in Italy, and his logic is inexorable: lack of raw materials means the closing of factories, thus producing unemployment, and unemployment breeds revolutionary discontent. The truth is that the Russian blockade has blockaded Europe even more than it has blockaded Russia.

Perhaps we may wish to disregard the safety of Europe, but from another angle the readjustment of relations with Russia will affect our own selfish interests. The Attorney-General may deliver diatribes and wave injunctions from now until Doomsday, but he will not deflate present prices unless he curtails the consumers' demands or increases the supply of commodities from which those demands must be satisfied. Nor is this a local matter. Destroy the prune crop of Bosnia-Herzegovina and you increase the price of prunes in the Santa Clara Valley, California. Throw a hundred million poods of Russian wheat into Europe's markets, and the price of bread will be affected from New York to Seattle. Unlock Russia's storehouse of goods and prime materials, and you will reduce price levels throughout the world.

In yet another respect this matter vitally concerns us. During 1919 America set a new record in world history with an export sheet of over seven billion dollars, more than twice the value of our imports during the same period. But what of 1920? We are continuing on the same scale of expanded production, but the countries which would buy from us cannot do so because of the ruinous rates of international exchange. We are piling up a huge surplus of products and credits. Every warehouse in New York is reported filled with goods for export on which the sellers have borrowed heavily from the banks, but which cannot be shipped abroad because, in terms of Europe's money, our prices are prohibitive. The situation is fraught with the peril of a potential crisis. If exporters are suddenly compelled to liquidate, and this surplus is forced on an already overstocked market, the history of 1893 will be repeated. There are only two roads open to us: either we must bolster up Europe's collapsed credit with our own (rather a risky procedure as Europe is at present governed); or else we must recognize that trade is primarily barter, that money is simply a convenient method of measurement, and that when, by persistent borrowing and dilution of her currency, Europe has made her money worthless to us, we cannot go on selling except to a country which has commodities of intrinsic value to export. There is only one country which can immediately exchange with us value for value. And that country is Russia.

There are three suggestions I would offer to American business men who are earnestly concerned about our future trade relations with Russia. In the first place, it is conceivable that, during the first few months, Russian trade will go to the first comers. But as soon as the most urgent demands have been met, the Soviet Republic will doubtless carry out its declared policy of awarding orders only after due examination of competing products and prices. A permanent and complete exhibition of American manufactures at Moscow, right under the eyes of the Supreme Economic Council, would do more to establish the supremacy of American goods in Russia than any other single factor except the quality behind those goods. Great Britain had arranged for an exposition of British manufactures in the Tauride Palace at Petrograd during 1917, but the Revolution intervened. An American exhibition, although relatively inexpensive, would in actual results accomplish more than all the mail order catalogues in Chicago. Secondly, we must not forget that Russia's export commodities are not now in storage at ports of clearance. In many cases their sources are several thousand miles inland, and they could not be immediately transported in large quantities. In order to facilitate exchange, I should recommend the extension of a short-term credit to the Government to enable it to utilize our first shipments of rolling stock for the collection and transportation of the goods it wishes to exchange with us. Under our new export laws, American firms can secure Government support in the granting of such credit. In the third place, we need direct cable connections with the north of Europe. It would be decidedly to our interest to bind ourselves to northern Europe by a direct wire, say, to Bergen, connecting straight through Christiana and Stockholm to Petrograd. It is still true that communication is the life of trade.

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Millerand and the Politicians

By F. D.

ALMOST equal to the surprise of M. Clemenceau's defeat for the French presidency, was that of M. Millerand's elevation to the premiership. M. Millerand had been M. Clemenceau's choice for the presidency of the Council of Ministers. No sooner does M. Clemenceau's adversary become President than he appoints as Premier the very man whom Clemenceau would have appointed. What makes M. Millerand so completely the "man of the hour" that two opposing factions place their trust in him?

The French lobby has a phrase to the effect that when the frogs elect a king they always choose a stick. The moment the French politician found a man who in a career of twenty years had never been opposed to anybody or anything, they burst forth on all sides into a Bre-ke-ke-kek-koax-koax of satisfaction. First of all, M. Millerand was the artisan of the famous *bloc national* of which M. Clemenceau was the architect. He was also the only man in France capable of making a unit, under the fear of Bolshevism, of the Free Masons of M. Puech and the clerical conservatives of M. Barrès. What was the basis of this extraordinary agility? Like many of the perpetual aspirants to the French Ministry, M. Millerand started as a state socialist, gradually losing his socialistic convictions in imperceptible stages, much as a tadpole loses its tail as it grows. Ultimately he arrived at a moderate republicanism, considerate and easy-going, so that when the question of liquidating the Congregation properties arose, the anticlericals found him just the man to supervise that delicate operation. M. Millerand was so skilful in this work that the famous billion francs, allotted originally to old age pensions for workingmen, passed almost intact into the coffers of the Orders. Democracies, like children, are sometimes forgetful; but the Church never loses sight of a benefaction, especially when it comes from a foe.

That, however, is only the political side of a two-sided situation. Most serious problems of finance and taxation confront the French government. M. Millerand inherited the law business of his teacher, M. Waldeck-Rousseau. As such, he became the high salaried counsel of the transportation, shipping, and insurance companies, not to mention certain retail mercantile concerns. No Millerand Cabinet will ever be cruel toward the "big interests."

While this looks on the surface like a political compromise of the familiar type, the fact is that M. Millerand's Cabinet is, in one of its aspects, something unheard of and almost revolutionary. The formula for Cabinet-making in French politics has been a very simple one. You take the chiefs and first lieutenants of the parliamentary groups which, by combining, have put your predecessor in the minority; and you perform a sum in elementary arithmetic. Dupont, let us say, has two hundred votes; Dubois has a hundred and fifty; Durand has a hundred and twenty; Dupin has sixty. You have at your disposal twelve portfolios and six subsecretariats. One here and one there, and you soon find your majority, with a change or two at the last moment to meet some unexpected recalcitrance. Finally you draw up two platforms: one for the public, which you have only to write; the other for the financiers, which you have to write and to execute. You publish the first; you keep the second secret, for it relates to government contracts, concessions, tariffs, rebates, supplies, and such things. You go on for a certain length of time carrying out this second program. Eventually you make the inevitable slip and it is the turn of somebody else.

If M. Millerand's cabinet is examined, however, no traces of such handiwork are to be found. M. Briand, M. Barthou, and M. de Monzie were the authors of Clemenceau's discomfiture, but neither they nor any of their confederates figure in the Cabinet of M. Millerand. Close inspection reveals, in fact, only three professional politicians. M. Lefèvre gets the portfolio of War for his attacks on M. Klotz. M. Steeg gets the Interior, where no one who was not a politician could possibly be used. M. L'Hopiteau as Minister of Justice is a spare man, useful for the moment in reading the program to the Senate. Beyond these points, the Cabinet ignores parliamentary coteries; its portfolios secure hardly a vote in the Chamber. That was why the Millerand Cabinet looked so fragile at first. The politicians were enraged; M. Millerand was welcomed in Parliament by a denunciation from M. Arago, who spoke in the name of one hundred and eighty-five unsatisfied appetites.

The fact is, however, that M. Millerand, who is no novice in politics, has found a solider basis for his Government than the old political groups; and herein lies his originality. The characteristic feature of French society at the moment is the tendency toward professional, industrial, and financial combination and association. Union for common action among the great financiers of iron working and shipbuilding dates from before the war. Necessities of national defense stimulated such associations of capital, under government auspices, during the conflict. Numerous *consortia* took over the management and distribution of raw materials, metals, coal, food, and contracts. Capitalists, formerly divided into fiercely antagonistic groups, have been compelled to get together; and by bringing these different organizations into conference it has been possible virtually to create a general federation of capitalists. Commerce meanwhile has been undergoing a similar evolution. Regional grouping of merchants has been the natural answer to the incompetence of the bureaucracy to deal with all the problems of national sustenance; and Clemenceau's Minister of Commerce, M. Clementel, was obliged to recognize this movement by creating a regional systematization of the Chambers of Commerce. Agriculturalists organized in June their General Federation of Agricultural Associations, thus substituting orderly national action for the parish rivalries that formerly found expression in the lobby.

The development of new ideas in the labor organizations is perhaps the most significant of all the French trend away from the old parliamentarism. The General Federation of Labor, after its heavy vote last September against Bolshevism and in favor of "productionism," has changed the emphasis of its propaganda from such slogans as immediate revolution by general strike to that of constructive transformation of society to syndicalistic communism by legal methods. No less revolutionary in its ideals than before, French labor has initiated new tactics which have made immediate appeal abroad, especially to the anarchistic syndicalists of Catalonia.

First of all, the technical experts, managers, superintendents, professors, engineers, architects, chemists, electricians, and all the salaried elements which from time immemorial have stood with capital against labor, have organized into

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vast federations of technicians and gone over to the General Federation of Labor. This has brought the whole mechanism of production and distribution within reach of conquest by the proletariat, conquest also by imperceptible steps and by peaceful means. The instrument of this new idea is the Economic Council of Labor, a congress which associates managers, engineers, inventors, workingmen, and coöperatives, in the effort to find solutions for all the problems of national economic life; while the mass of labor, by all the means in its control, stands ready to force the adoption of these solutions upon the bureaucracy. Those supporting the Economic Council believe that the present political state will eventually pass into the position of a mere bureau of registration, recording and approving the decrees of the virtual government made up of the active creative forces in the nation. The Economic Council held its first meeting on January 8. Bitterly criticized by the Bolshevists on the Left and by the organs of capitalistic opinion on the Right, it has been welcomed by the general public with a sigh of relief, as a hope of some ultimate cessation of industrial and economic warfare.

This change is what M. Millerand has recognized. His Minister of Finance is M. Marsal. M. Marsal is not even a deputy; he is a professional financier and has worked through all the grades of that profession. During the war and peace periods he was financial counsellor first to the General Staff, then to M. Clemenceau. No man is better equipped to launch the new loan or to enact the new fiscal legislation, where the problem is to reassure the profiteers and at the same time to placate the workingmen by avoiding direct taxation and recouping by taxes on consumption. M. Marsal is director of the Parisian Union, a great bank interested in the Near East through its control of the Ottoman Bank. He will help settle the Turkish question involving the Saloniki-Constantinople and the Syrian railways, with several lines in Asia Minor. In the Ministry he will be in a strategic position for safeguarding the interests of high finance. And M. Marsal is also in a position to control a greedy and unsatisfied Parliament through his power over publicity, through direct newspaper influence, and through the influence of all the interests he represents. M. Marsal's acts will be automatically approved by the great papers which reach and control six million French votes.

M. Isaac, a newly elected deputy, brings M. Millerand in touch with the Chamber of Commerce. M. Isaac is president of the Lyons Chamber, the center of the most important commercial influences in France, and has in addition great personal authority in all the French Chambers. When he speaks, the deputies will know the voice of the second most powerful association in French industrial life. M. Ricard, in turn, represents the National Federation of Agricultural Associations. Finally, to complete the picture, we have M. Coupin, a former laborer, a former president of the Federation of Railway Engineers, and a man supposed to be on friendly terms with the technical unions, the coöperatives, the federations of public employees, and the other units of the General Federation of Labor now working in the Economic Council.

Looked at in perspective, it might seem that the Millerand Ministry is a compromise with a sort of syndicalistic capitalism on the part of the political state; but that impression vanishes under closer examination. It will be noticed that M. Coupon is subordinated to M. Jourdain, who represents in the Council only the sentimental influence of Alsace-Lorraine. M. Ricard is supported by an organization still in its infancy, while M. Isaac himself has behind him the Chambers of Commerce which have not yet been entirely consolidated. M. Marsal, on the other hand, rests secure on the foundation of the strongest financial and industrial oligarchy in France, solidly organized, of long-standing influence, and of almost limitless capital. The Minister of Finance is in an overwhelmingly preponderant position.

Thus the animus of the present Government in France becomes apparent. It is a scheme for subjugating to the financial clique, so far as political power can do it, the rising economic federations. More directly even it is a combination to forestall any important or aggressive action from proletarian productionism operative in the Economic Council. M. Millerand is in a position to meet expert with expert. The Millerand Ministry emphasizes the passing of parliamentarism and the rise to power of the economic unit in government. Such a reclassification of political elements will not necessarily diminish the struggle between capital and labor, nor need it lessen friction between groups of interests. But it should make the struggle clearer and more in the open. We are nearing the end of political corruption of the old style, even though we may be at the beginning of a new kind. The old philosopher Proudhon once uttered the apothegm that "the work-shop will kill the government." The professions and trades have not yet seized the Government, but they have driven the entering wedge. That is what makes M. Millerand's Ministry an expression of the trend of the times.

Improving on the Czar

By FREDERICK R. BARKLEY

Detroit, March 23

THREE months after their arrest in mass raids conducted by the Department of Justice, 150 Detroit aliens are still held in an old army fort in this city, with no information available from Immigration Bureau officials, who are in charge of them, concerning when or whether they will be deported or freed.

Four hundred and fifty aliens have been confined in this old fort since they were removed there on January 13 from temporary prisons in which they were herded in such shameful fashion that protests from city officials, judges, and the public, forced the Washington authorities to transfer them. Of these 450, in round numbers—the Immigration Bureau seems to have no exact figures available—66 have been released for lack of evidence, 120 have been ordered deported, and decisions on the rest are still awaited from Washington. Of the 384 whose cases have not yet been passed on or who have been ordered deported, approximately 240 are out on bail. The rest are held at the fort.

Reports in press dispatches that deportations to Russia have been indefinitely suspended make it appear that the men finally marked for deportation face indeterminate imprisonment. Only Liberty Bonds are accepted as bail, which runs from $1,000 to $10,000, and those whose friends have been unable to raise bail seem to have little chance.

From the confines of this fort have come stories of deprivation, brutality, and suffering which are impossible of verification in the face of the absolute denials by Immigration Bureau officials and officers in charge of the unpaid

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guards. Three weeks ago the 220 men then held sent out an open letter in which they pleaded to be deported immediately with their wives and children. "We stand ready to leave this country where we have met with nothing but terrorism, especially now when we expect to be sent to free Soviet Russia," this letter says, and asserts that one of their number died because of insufficient medical attention, while two others went insane "because they were not strong enough to endure the torture."

"The food we get is foul," this letter continues, "and we are kept in cold cells, almost without light. . . . The prison guards treat us brutally, inhumanely. . . . Our helplessness is being exploited by these guards. We are permitted to be taken under guard to stores to make some purchases in preparation for our deportation, and for these privileges they expect from us bribes." Dr. P. L. Prentis, in charge of the Detroit office of the Immigration Bureau, denied these statements absolutely and offered to permit investigation by committees appointed by the Detroit Federation of Labor and other bodies. The Federation of Labor has not made its final report, but the report of an investigator from the Americanization Bureau of the Board of Commerce, who certainly could not be accused of prejudice in favor, is a damning indictment. This investigator "found no bad conditions, although the length of time these men are being detained works an intolerable injustice."

In the meantime the dependents of many are in a state of apprehension and uncertainty, cared for by a charitable agency which came to their aid only when a committee of prominent Detroit clubwomen had brought their plight to public attention, six weeks after their supporters had been arrested. Incidentally, this was three weeks after Attorney General Palmer had written the letter, subsequently published in *The Nation*, asserting that "friends of Bolshevism" were using public sympathy improperly, inasmuch as "the condition of the family of each and every person arrested has been personally examined into by the agents of this Department, and that wherever there are dependents of these men, they are being individually looked after by the most prominent charitable organizations of their own creed in their locality." These wives and children, according to their own assertions, had no aid from any charitable organizations until after the protest meeting of February 18. Instead, they had sold furniture and partly-paid-for homes for whatever they could get on forced sale, in the expectation and, according to their statements, on the instructions of Dr. Prentis that they were to accompany their breadwinners to Russia. The money received was spent for heavy clothing in preparation for a Russian winter, and before long many were penniless.

Dr. Prentis says that he told the prisoners that orders for their deportation might come at any time and that this statement may have been construed as advice to their families to make preparations. It never occurred to these prisoners that the American Government might refuse to let their families accompany them, since even the Czar permitted families to go with political exiles to Siberia.

Protests of scores of labor bodies, of women's clubs, of social workers, of unorganized citizens, and even of the Americanization Bureau of the Board of Commerce have as yet failed to move this officialdom to any decent action—either the humane deportation of entire families or the release of these men so they can support their suffering dependents.

Hanc Pontem

By SEXAGENARIUS DE PONTE

IN one of the proudest of American universities, the University of Oralia, stands the only feminine bridge in history. Other institutions of learning display as their especial glory glass flowers, clock towers, memorial museums, historical walking sticks, fallen meteors, open air theatres, and such curios, but only one can boast the happy possession of a female bridge to distract the inquiring visitor's attention from the course of study and intellectual achievement.

The bridge was donated to the university by Ellen Higgins Jones, who helped fill the campus empty spaces with the James Murphy Jones Fountain, the Susan O'Brien Jones Gate, the John Henry Jones Bench, the Mary Elizabeth Jones clock, and the Peter Aloysius Jones Sun-dial. So many and various had been her gifts that the president had the flag hung at half staff from the date of her death to the reading of her disappointing will, in which she generously bequeathed two Polish tapestries to the Oralia Y. W. C. A., remarking that the university itself had received its share of her bounty during her lifetime. And it was generally conceded that she was right. For with the delightful climate enjoyed by this blessed spot, the inauguration of sulphur baths alone could have aided Ellen Jones's generous ambition to make Oralia a perfect health resort.

When the bridge was built Professor Adolph Dickbauch, whose celebrated treatise, "The Use of Temporal Conjunctions in the Third Book of De Rerum Natura," brought him international fame as a Latin scholar, was chosen to compose a fitting inscription. With that simplicity which characterizes the great soul who cares nothing for the trivialities of style, a trait shared, by the way, by his son-in-law, whose sensational dissertation, "Der Gebrauch von Du und Sie in Goethe," threatened to cause a split in the Department of Germanic Languages, Professor Dickbauch produced the following gem of Latinity: "HANC . PONTEM . XXI . DEC . MCMXVI . ANNO . DOMINI . ÆDIFICAVIT . HELENA . HIGGINS . JONES."

This terse sentence was shown to the donor's heir, who remarked that he didn't know what it meant, but that he guessed it was all right. He specified, however, that the Helena be changed to Ellen, saying that his dear mother was a one hundred per cent. American and that a one hundred per cent. American name was good enough for her. With this slight modification, the inscription was approved, and soon the stone workers had chiselled it above the bridge where it could not fail to meet the eye of all who passed beneath it.

But, alas! no sooner had it made its appearance than a band of scoffers arose who dared to criticize the work. They were composed mainly of the younger and insurgent members of the faculty, who had neither maturity of judgment nor life-long service to their credit. They said, rashly, that whereas the great Dickbauch had written "hanc pontem," he should have written "hunc pontem"; that any child who had gone through Collar and Daniell's "First Latin Book" knew that *pons, pontis,* was masculine, and that hence Dickbauch was a knave and an ignoramus.

"The university is disgraced," cried Professor Lyons. "How can we look the world in the eye when we walk upon

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a feminine bridge? We shall seem like idiots to visiting scholars."

"The whole thing," said Léonid Adler, a prominent Polish patriot who was furthering his country's cause in Oralia's Department of Political Science, "the whole thing is a piece of German propaganda to make us ridiculous. I remember that the same thing happened in Lemb—that is, in Lvov." And he recounted a hair-raising story of how a certain Professor Kartoffelnase of Berlin insisted on forcing the young students at the University of Lvov to read Homer with a German accent.

In the lavatory of the Oralia Faculty Club, where the university's most brilliant minds met in daily converse over the washbowl, comment was no less gloomy. Almost everyone present agreed that the university was befouled by that dreadful *hanc*. Finally above the groaning and sighing, and the gurgling of drains, was heard the treble voice of Allan MacPherson, Instructor in Rhetoric, saying that the great Dickbauch could not have been mistaken.

"If we have been taught," he piped, throwing his yellow hair backward out of his eyes, "that *pons* is masculine, we may have been incorrectly taught. Has it not occurred to you, gentlemen, that the dictionaries may be wrong, and that Professor Dickbauch, one of Oralia's most famous savants, may alone be right?"

It had not. Hence a sigh of relief arose from the gathering when it realized that the blot on the scutcheon might be erased, that the bar sinister might be rectified.

This feeling, that there was at least room for doubt, intensified as the days went on. Men no longer moved with a melancholy tread as they passed over the Jones Bridge. They understood for the first time that what they had originally mistaken for a blemish might turn out to be a beauty spot. And it was no great while before the lavatory heard lively debate on the subject of pontile gender, and the whole university was divided between the Hanc-ists and the Hunc-ists.

The great Dickbauch himself kept silent. In the early days of the dispute an attempt was made to interview him, but the caller, after putting his initial and leading question, received a reply in the professor's native tongue in which could be distinguished such words as "verdammt . . . Halunke . . . Schweinhund . . . Esel . . . Dummkopf . . . Dreckseele . . . Schmutzfink . . . ," all delivered with heat and passion.

The interviewer left.

Accordingly, one was never quite sure what the author of the interesting line thought about it. There was no doubt, however, how other opinion turned. The issue was as clear as that of the World War. You were either pro-hanc or pro-hunc; there was no middle or neutral ground.

Things reached such a crisis that the president was appealed to, and he straightway appointed a Committee on Intellectual Welfare and Architectural Deficiencies to consider whether the bridge was female or male, and, if the latter, to make suitable recommendations for future action. The committee had as its chairman the Professor of Logic, a man too little known beyond the confines of Oralia, whose work, "The Formal Implications for Inductive Logic of the Imperfect Figures of the Syllogism," alone would suffice to place him in the front rank of America's intellectuals. He was a tall, spare man, with a mottled face, whose long red nose shone forth like a danger beacon. It thus belied his true character, for the Professor of Logic was at heart one of the gentlest and mildest of men, so gentle and so mild that he could not bear the thought of change with its attendant worries. A believer in a static and complete universe, his soul shrunk from contact with the damp stream of current events. His colleagues on the committee were the head of the Department of Agronomy, who had done more for the future of the sugar beet than any other single man in the world, who slightly resembled his vegetable protégé in complexion and form; the Dean of the Faculty of Science, a positivist of the firmest type, with a range of information including all human activities except the arts and philosophy; the Higginbotham Professor of Humane Letters and Arts, who had a tremendous reputation as a scholar and had once compiled a bibliography on Crabbe, which put the resources of Oralia's library to shame; and the University Surgeon. All in all, they were not the type of man who would ever require the protection of the American Association of University Professors.

The chairman convened his committee and asked the Dean of the Faculty of Science to open the discussion. "A bridge," began the Dean, "when properly considered, offers no great room for experimentation. Were we to determine its weight, its strength, its vibration period, its sensitivity to heat and cold, we could, I believe, produce good inductive reasons for thinking that experimental evidence might be found to show that *ceteris paribus* its gender was either masculine or feminine, and *mutatis mutandis* its sex either male or female. I propose, then, that a sub-committee be appointed to formulate a set of experiments to determine the gender of the bridge. In the meantime and until we know otherwise, I believe we should suspend judgment."

But the Higginbotham Professor of Humane Letters and Arts, impatient at this careful assay of the situation, interrupted. He declared with all the majesty of his scholarly title that masculine though the bridge might be by the rules of grammar, it was undeniably feminine by the rules of the spirit. He quoted from Shakespeare to prove that masculine character was essentially deceitful and pointed out that a bridge was the antithesis of those creatures whose feet were one on sea and the other on shore. He showed by citations from Gibbon that the Church took bridges under her patronage, which proved their trustworthiness. He reminded his hearers of the Fratres Pontifices, founded by St. Benezet in 1189 for the sole purpose of bridge-building. And though the Dean of the Faculty of Science tried to refute him by a weighty reference to the *wo-bashira* of the Japanese, which is undoubtedly male, he went on from citation to citation, ending with the parallelism between bridges which link shore and shore, and angels which link heaven and earth; and, deriving "angel" from *aggelos*, a messenger, he proved triumphantly that the messenger of the gods was Iris, "a bridge and a woman."

The University Surgeon spoke for the first time. "This is all nonsense, gentlemen," he said. "A bridge, in my opinion, is neither masculine nor feminine. It is neuter. I propose that we have the inscription changed to *hoc pontem*." A shudder passed over the committee, and every member of it knew that, good surgeon as he might be, he was in no sense of the word a scholar.

The chairman drew a deep breath, his nose became a glowing red, and, tapping his pencil against the edge of the table, he said: "Gentlemen, we are all talking at cross purposes. The matter is by no means complicated We are

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sure of three fundamental principles: first, whatever is, is right; second, whatever is, is; third, all S is P. From this we can make the immediate inference that some P's are S's, and no S's are non-P's. We can even go further and infer immediately that since no S's are non-P's, some non-P's are non-S's. Applying this to our original case, we learn that since whatever is, is right, some things that are right, are—an ample refutation of pessimism, gentlemen. But we can also infer that if a thing is, it is right. Hence, if the bridge is, it is right. And since whatever can be asserted of the whole can be asserted of the part, the inscription is right if the bridge is right. The only question left, then, is whether the bridge is or is not. In other words, the being of the bridge is in question. To simplify the matter, let us say that the quality of bridge-hood either implies or does not imply the quality of existence, as the case may be. Or, if you prefer, does the quiddity of the bridge imply its haecceity? Does its what imply its that? If so, obviously the bridge exists, and is right; if not, it does not exist, and is unfortunately wrong, or non-right, as you choose."

He then developed this point into the Anselmic-Cartesian argument for the existence of God, applying it to a perfect bridge, and easily showed that the bridge in question existed, and hence was right. His report was a masterpiece of irrelevant and persuasive argument.

He applied his triumphant principle to all issues of the day and was made Dean of the Faculties by a grateful president.

No minority report was ever submitted.

Paying the Professor

By CARL HOLLIDAY

CAN the college professor survive? This question is asked in all seriousness. The recent application of a large group of professors at the University of Illinois for entrance into the American Federation of Labor, the formation of a union among a considerable number of the faculty of Harvard, like action on the part of teachers at Howard University, show how serious the matter of obtaining a livelihood is becoming to the university instructor. Within a short time the Government Bureau for the Re-Employment of Soldiers in New York city received in the same mail a request for a mechanic at $36 per week and an urgent demand for a college professor at $19.23 per week. A metropolitan paper sarcastically headed the news item: "Why Go to College?"

There has recently been much general and indefinite discussion about this subject of professional income; but, frankly, what are the exact facts? After a prolonged struggle with lengthy columns of figures representing the salaries of all ranks of teachers in the American universities and colleges of any merit at all, I am able to present some statistics that may surprise even street-cleaners and rag-pickers, not to mention the professors themselves. In recent years the Bureau of Education has issued pamphlets giving the salaries of "full" professors (if there are such beings in these days), associate professors, assistant professors, and instructors in all the higher institutions of real worth in the United States; but, so far as I am aware, no analysis, averages, or summaries of these lists have ever been published by the Bureau.

If the Bureau's lists are correct—and they are furnished by college officials themselves—the average salary of the American college teacher is $1,549.29, or $29.79 per week. Such income reaches this exorbitant figure, however, only because the State-supported universities and colleges lift the average far above what it would otherwise be. It is no marvel that outside of New England these State institutions are becoming a longed-for land of promise for every famishing pedagogue. For consider the salaries in such schools! The average salary for a male full professor in State universities and colleges is $2,476.25; for a woman full professor $2,318.35; for an associate professor of the man variety $1,898.96; for a woman of this rank $1,973.75; for a male assistant professor $1,830.53; for a woman in the same position $1,473.65; for a man instructor $1,135.50; and for a woman instructor $1,203. There is one faint ray of hope—for women—in all this. It will be noted that according to deductions from government figures associate professors and instructors of the feminine gender are receiving more pay than "mere men" of the same rank. But how any married and "fatherly" college instructor can maintain a family on $1,135.50, or $21.84 per week, is one of those problems solved by college presidents only.

But the non-State institutions—that is, mainly those maintained by endowments or church support—are even less merciful toward the college professor who thinks he is entitled to food and shelter. It is only fair to say that in the following statistics the salaries at Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and the University of Chicago are omitted, for the reason that they are out of all proportion to those paid by the average educational institution of America. But the remainder of the American universities and colleges of the non-State type offer, in the liberalty of their heart, a man full professor (not a full man professor) an average salary of $1,632.71, and a woman $1,209.37; a man associate professor $1,583.78, and a woman $1,300; a man assistant professor $1,367.85, and a woman $1,176.47; and an instructor of either sex $898.75. Again there is the glimmer of hopeful light—for the women. It seems that the woman associate professor is receiving a slightly higher salary than the woman full professor, which means that the younger teachers, better educated and better trained for the teaching profession, are receiving some recognition of their ability, while many of the older woman full professors are holding their positions mainly because they were on the campus first.

This figure of $898.75 for an instructor is in reality not a true index of the financial condition of workers in the strictly endowed or church colleges; for this average is lifted not a little by the comparatively high salaries paid in the municipally supported institutions, such as the College of the City of New York, Hunter College, the University of Toledo, and the University of Cincinnati. The average payment for all ranks of teachers in State-supported institutions is assuredly low enough—$1,788.74; but the average in these church and independent schools is but $1,166. The churches have long taught that man should not live by bread alone; but in their colleges apparently this is about all he can afford.

The municipally supported colleges have been mentioned above; their rapid rise is one of the most significant movements in modern education. It is rather surprising to find that they surpass in average salary all other institutions of learning—even the State institutions. While, as noted

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above, the average State university salary for a full professor (man) is $2,476.25, the average for a man of the same rank in the municipal college is $3,043. A woman full professor in such a city institution averages $2,783.33; a man associate professor $2,467.60, and a woman even more, $2,550; a man assistant professor $2,001.33, and a woman $1,811.80; a man instructor $1,450.20, and a woman $1,409.50. In other words, a mere instructor in a municipal college is receiving, on an average, within $182 of what the average full professor in the independent and church colleges obtains. Moreover, the average for all teachers in the municipal university is $2,190.09, which is over $400 more than the average in the State schools and approximately $1,000 more than in church and independent colleges.

Only the comparatively wealthy endowed colleges of the Atlantic Coast prevent a far greater contrast between professorial incomes in independent schools on the one hand, and city and State schools on the other. For a careful calculation based on government statistics shows that the average salary for a man holding a full professorship in an independent endowed college is but $1,926.55, and for a woman only $1,468.70. A man associate professor receives $1,686.50, and a woman $1,303.60; a male assistant professor $1,451.50, and a woman $1,300.10; while men and women who are instructors average respectively $989.62 and $888.50.

Pitiful as these incomes are, those obtained in colleges entirely under church control are much lower: full professor (man) $1,471.15, (woman) $1,033.27; associate professor (man) $1,389.33, (woman) $1,075; assistant professor (man) $1,232, (woman) $1,079.50; instructor (man) $864.29, (woman) $649.16. It is hardly possible to conceive of a woman maintaining on $649.16 the social standards expected of a college teacher, and it is even less possible to imagine a male instructor maintaining a wife and children on $864.29, or $16.62 per week. Surely, an application of religious or plain ethical principles is needed in the attitude of the church institution toward its employees. Perhaps the American churches do not know that the general average of their college salaries barely reaches $1,099.

Some one may raise the ancient cry that the "poor" colleges of the South are the cause of such a deplorably low average of American professorial income. But the cry is in these days a false one. The full professor in the South in all types of institutions receives, it is true, an average salary of only $1,660; but his fellow-sufferer in the North is given but $1,823.20. The Southern woman teacher of the same rank obtains $1,132.50; but her Northern sister—who must buy far more fuel and fur—is paid only $1,478.30. The Southern associate professor of masculine gender receives an average of $1,555.50, and the Southern woman of equal rank $1,377.75; while their brother and sister of the North average respectively $1,780.50 and $1,430. A male assistant professor in Dixie obtains $1,300; a lady, as the Southerner invariably says, receives $1,120; while in the North the respective average salaries are $1,412 and $1,292.70. As a noted university executive once said to me: "The instructor doesn't count"; for down South *he* gets but $881.25 and *she* but $800; while in the North the respective incomes are only $1,021.50 and $879. It is apparent, therefore, that it is as easy to starve as a college professor in the North as in the South—and far easier to freeze to death.

If this state of affairs continues, what will the outcome be? To any college executive the results are already clear. It is even now a difficult task to procure an efficient professor of sociology or political science. State and national positions at three and four times the college salary call such experts away from the educational field. Banks, insurance companies, and great corporations are steadily drawing professors of economics from the classroom. Professors of English who have gained notice as writers of magazine articles or books on modern subjects may easily find positions at far higher salaries in publishing and propaganda activities. University presidents keep wary eyes on the professor of chemistry, lest some opulent manufacturer tempt him away with a salary that would bankrupt the average college. Professors of engineering are the despair of all university circles; they simply will not "stay put" at four or five thousand when twenty thousand-dollar salaries outside are dangled before their eyes.

Seriously, the question strikes at the very heart of American civilization. If the present starvation salaries continue, only men of mediocre intellect will consider college chairs, and if the teachers of the future teachers in our system of public education are second-rate, what standard of public education shall we have? Just as important, perhaps, if the man who trains the future leaders in industry, commerce, statesmanship, public movements in general, is of the thousand-dollar type, what can be expected but a general decline in the intellect and vision of such leadership? For, in spite of the sneers of some so-called practical business men, the beneficial influence of the American college in our national life has been so vast as to be almost beyond comprehension. But whether such training is worth while in this day under a $29.79 per week "educator" is indeed problematic.

Contributors to This Issue

ALBERT COYLE was one of two prisoners taken by the Soviet army last summer from the American forces on the Archangel front. He was free on parole most of the time, and his knowledge of the Russian language opened many interesting doors.

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The Hills

By MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

HOW well they stand the centuries, how well
They weather death and the dim shapes of it:
No evil hath befall'n them where they sit,
Forever in the sun, amid the smell
And splendor of the seasons. Where they dwell,
They, dreaming, see, like bees, the brown clouds swarm
The lightning's hive around, and the swart storm
Cut sudden sculptures, under Frenzy's spell,
And carve new lines of character for them,
With winds for chisel, chastening, aging, till
One sees what it must mean to be a hill
And have no heart to clutch at the Rain's hem
When that she wearies and would haste away,
With rustling of much silk of changeless gray.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter was more than ever convinced that there is nothing new in the world when he picked up his copy of the London *Intelligencer*, "Published for Satisfaction and Information of the PEOPLE (with Privilege)" for Monday, May 16, 1664. It is the oldest paper which the Drifter has ever possessed, and in it he finds the following dispatch from Hamburg: "The Affayrs of *Poland* are doubtful. Some conceive hopes of a Peace with the *Muscovite;* others rather look for a Conjunction with the *Suede;* an *Envoyé* from that Crown, being daily expected by the King of *Poland*, with Propositions tending to that Purpose." This certainly is timely enough when the Muscovite and the Pole are again at each other's throats. But the leading announcement in this issue of the *Intelligencer* is equally so. It reads as follows: "*Edinburgh, May 2.* Here are issued out of Late, *Two Proclamations* of the 19. of the Laft, which do very much Import his Majestyes Service, and the Publique Peace in this Kingdom. The *One*, is for the calling in, and suppressing of an old Seditious Pamphlet, Entitled, De Jure Regni apud Scotos; whereof *Mr. George Buchanan* was the Author; which was condemned by Act of Parliament, Anno. 1584. written in Latine and is now translated into English, on purpose to corrupt the Affections of his Majestyes Subjects, and to dispose them to new Troubles." Which is respectfully referred to our Luskers for their information and encouragement—since Scotland still survives.

* * * * *

THE see-me-do-it type of teaching is not new, and may be called in question by those sedate educators whose activities are hampered by a trail of academic degrees. But no teacher of the Drifter's boyhood ever kindled such burning determination to master a subject as did Hermann the conjuror, with his inspiring, though baffling: "Watch me carefully. Now *you* do the trick." The Drifter had another spur to learning in old Scott Skinner, irreverently known as Skittles, a celebrated Highland dancer who many a year at the Braemar gatherings had footed it brawly to the enjoyment of the Good Old Queen. His method of teaching was to tuck his fiddle under his chin and, droning on the G string in imitation of a bagpipe, his nimble fingers kept tune and time for his twinkling feet as they flashed through some thirty complicated steps over crossed blades in the sword dance. As he mopped his brow at the close, Skittles would say to the entranced novice: "Do that." And where was the lively lad who would give over till he could at least compel his sprawling feet to tell the rhythm on the space covered by a Highland bonnet?

* * * * *

THE universities, still hopeful that they may blunder on some method of making the American student take notice, seem to have hit on the see-me-do-it plan. One thrifty college borrows the French chef of a metropolitan hotel, who arrives at the domestic science hall with his corps of practical assistants and a vanload of meats that would bankrupt a university but can be gracefully loaned for demonstration by a prosperous hotel. This seems a fair exchange. M. le chef needs no pecuniary recompense (in addition to his neat twenty thousand or so from the hotel), but enjoys being honorary lecturer; the college, instead of hiring a mediocre instructor at a minimum wage, gets the "pinnacle of his profession" for nothing at all; the hotel gets the goodwill of both, and the approval of the public; and incidentally the student, who after all should have some consideration, gets contact with a man who has achieved mastery, hears his simple rules for greatness, and is stirred by this personality to go and do likewise.

* * * * *

AND now Harvard, in the race for specialization and distinction (not having an ex-President on its faculty), has taken a far leap forward in securing Mr. Vanderlip to lecture on business economics. The Harvard boys are lucky; they have not only had opportunity to see-him-do-it in the world of affairs, but closer contact will warm their respect to admiration. Mayhap a new type of student will evolve. One can even picture a youth determined to find out for himself how to do things, with an impulse toward achievement, and the possibility of becoming a real person. And out of the tail of his eye, the Drifter can see economizing trustees smugly rubbing their hands. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Neither Ox Nor Ass

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps those of us who belong to the teaching profession should feel grateful to any sincere advocate of higher remuneration for our services, but there is one argument, sometimes put forth ostensibly in our behalf, which invariably rouses my wrath: that teachers who are well paid are less likely to believe in radical doctrines.

It does not bother me to be treated with patronizing condescension by the wealthy, but I froth at the mouth when they intimate that, like the lowly ox and ass, we can be kept in tractable mood by good feeding and humane treatment. Since my own field lies in physical science, I am diffident about expressing my opinions on matters of politics, economics, and the like, though I can truly say I am no Bolshevist. But I should hate to think that those of my colleagues who are learned in such matters would be so affected by adequate salaries that, feeling their own prosperity bound up with the existing order, they would fail to see and point out defects which did not directly concern them. I would rather see all teachers reduced to rags and poverty, and their children obliged to wait at tables or tend furnaces to earn their education.

Columbia, Missouri, March 27 H. M. REESE

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A Welsh Artist in Gyration

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR:

"Pray, own me still a follower, my liege,
Our folk are born too westerly in Wales,
And backward from the fashion, for this mode
Of worshipping the rising sun to please us,
I never was an artist in gyration,
But will accompany your Majesty."

Many years ago an orphan boy was left to the tender cares of his mother's brother—a cobbler by trade. The cobbler pinched himself in order to give his ward a good education and endeavored with all the powers of his honest soul to make his young nephew worthy of the Land of the White Gloves whose motto is *Yn Gwir yn erbyn y byd* (the Truth against the world). The boy grew up to be a lawyer and soon had occasion to prove his skill and his regard for the rights of humanity. An old widower died in the neighborhood, expressing a desire to be buried beside his wife in the cemetery. But when the funeral procession reached the gate of the cemetery, they were met by the irate vicar who refused them permission to bury an ardent nonconformist's body in the consecrated ground. In their sorry plight, the relatives of the defunct applied for advice to the young lawyer. *Torwch clo y gât* (break the lock of the gate) was the laconic reply. His advice was carried out and when the matter was brought before the court, the young lawyer won the case on the ground that human rights come before property rights.

Many years have passed since this occurrence, and what is the unflinching champion of human rights doing now? Recent reports say that instead of breaking down gates he is busily engaged in acrobatic feats in his attempts to preserve an ignoble equilibrium on the opportunist's fence.

Worcester, March 21 JOSEPH DE PEROTT

Art

The Society of Independent Artists

A LAUGHING visitor at the Independent show was heard to make the remark that if the Society of Independent Artists instead of closing the exhibition on April 1 were to open and close it on that day each year, the public would judge the show to be an eminently fitting celebration of All Fools' Day. Certainly it is in the carnival spirit of foolery that the public passes upon this exhibition from year to year. Journalists in search of the sensational and of merely freak pictures trail about the galleries to reflect in their reviews a patronizing tired-businessman's attitude toward any theory of art which fails to train a camera on objective reality, or neglects to present a story which can be immediately understood. This attitude settles itself ponderously on heavy common-sense heels and barks out with invincible assurance its belief (more guardedly expressed at the National Academy) that all artists are weak in the head. If the academicians are feeble-minded, it seems to ruminate, the radicals are more so.

The Independents should make a more serious effort to resolve the mystification of the public and to check the boisterousness of its indiscriminate hilarity. The public's misunderstanding is natural enough. It enters the exhibition rooms without the slightest inkling of the fact that a picture may not be illegitimate because it frankly makes no attempt to serve a purely representative function. To thousands of people, the Impressionists still speak a foreign language. A blue cow to the many is even yet an artistic impertinence. How, then, can they be expected to look for any serious aim in the attempts of the Post-Impressionists to widen the æsthetic range of painting? Walter Pach made a casual remark that suggests a point of departure which might be utilized by the Independents to their own advantage and the public's. He said in substance that the show was rather an atelier than an exhibition—a workshop where the experimentalists might fearlessly assemble their new inventions. This is just what the public does not understand. Why not issue with the catalogue a brochure, skimmed of all æsthetic verbiage, which shall attempt in the simplest possible form to explain what the radicals are trying to do? If the Independent show is an atelier, it is a place where exposition on the part of the Society and study on the part of the public would not be malapropos. The same man who would not dare to judge a work of literature without deliberate intensive study, comes to the Independent show, clicks his heels together, and blows off his steam upon the pictures with the assurance of a Congressman. Show him the difference in intention between Bouguereau and Cezanne, and the chances are that if he has any intelligence he will proceed on his way through the exhibition with a little more caution. Lectures upon art, too, at stated times with frequent gallery tours would attract and enlighten hundreds whose sympathy and understanding could be easily won through critical guidance. Such a program might well begin with Clive Bell's remark: "Tradition ordered the painter to be a photographer, acrobat, archæologist, and litterateur: Post-Impressionism invites him to become an artist." In the end the spectator might not accept, but surely he would not be mystified and affronted by all the canvases which seek to escape the tyranny of visual fact.

In this year's exhibition at the Waldorf-Astoria, although it has the customary offerings of uninspired mediocrity in drab and tedious array, there is more genuine talent in evidence than at any previous show of the Society. Of course one cannot excuse the dull atrocities of people who have nothing to say whether they try feebly to do a Hudson River School landscape or to lisp in the accents of the great Post-Impressionists; but one finds no larger percentage of slavish imitators than at any big exhibition, and the dearth of interesting and worth-while pictures is grossly exaggerated by most critics. Without attempting to do more than scratch the surface of the exhibition, the reviewer in the presence of acres of clamoring canvas may mention only a few of the pictures which particularly attract comment. Gardner Hale's fresco panels are done with refreshing simplicity. The Leda, especially, is a decorative gem; it is a fine composition without the mechanical manipulation of the "sure-fire" decoration. C. Bertram Hartman's canvases also show exceptional decorative talent. His Eagle Light is one of the best he has shown—its fantasy remains emotional, escaping the cold ingeniousness to which fantasy is so often subject. Childe Hassam's nudes are the best he has exhibited for a long while. They are a welcome relief to the flag studies which have obsessed him of late. The New Model, while perhaps not more beautiful than Midsummer, is more interesting as a departure from his familiar manner. John R. Koopman's skies are well painted in the two landscapes exhibited by him. The Cuban street scenes by Glenn Coleman have unique charm. There is a somber impressiveness in Emil Holzhauer's A Tragedy. Louis Kromberg's Dancer shows an arresting, exotic type of woman with rich decorative notes in fan and shawl. An uncatalogued snow picture of A. C. Goodman's is fine in suggestive value, without the realism of the academic "cross-section of life." Isadore Feitelson's gigantic canvas The Amazons cannot be dismissed with a word. Its interest lies in the ingenuity with which the figures are distorted to serve the rhythmic pattern. The forms are painted simply and with astonishing solidity. Of the more abstract pictures, Matisse probably attracts most attention. C. Lewis Hind once said that "Matisse flashes upon canvas the unexplored three-fourths of life." If this statement is true of the Spanish girl in this exhibit, Matisse has passed through the explored one-fourth of life without leaving a trace behind. T. K. Gaddo has two ingenious arabesques. Elizabeth Taylor's Fall

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Color Orchestration orchestrates beautifully at the proper distance. William E. Schumacher's The Settlement Worker registers an eerie quality in its color. There are some excellent etchings in the Independent Show. The fluttering fragile grace of Senor Ismael Smith's Spanish Scenes impressed discriminating visitors. Peggy Bacon's caricatures are exceedingly clever. Very amusing, too, are the diminutive wood sculptures by H. M. Linding. To conclude with the more serious sculpture, the serene, portly figures of Gaston Lachaise have a certain ponderous way of forcing themselves upon the notice if not the affection of the spectator. They are as ineluctable as respectability.

GLEN MULLIN

Drama

Conversation

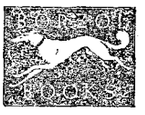
THE dark and distinguished playwright on the sofa was deliberately drifting into confidences. But the art by which he gained his effects had just a touch of crudity. He forced the note too briskly and took for granted the mood he should have striven to create. The critic, watching him from a deep chair, was not surprised. The playwright was good-looking and firmly intelligent. But all his surfaces, from his boots to his cheeks, were too unfurrowed. He had obviously been born in his particular Zion and all his efforts to prove that he was not at ease in it seemed rather pointless. Nor had anyone asked him so suddenly to justify his soul. The room was a trifle chill, the afternoon light far from mellow, the beverage only tea. Other matters, too, on which the men agreed admirably were not lacking. But the playwright had, as the critic observed with a faint twinge of vicarious shame, set himself a definite task. He crossed his legs and leaned back with elaborate casualness:

"What is one to do? You must either remain unperformed or adopt the public's point of view about life."

"Or what it thinks its point of view," the critic said. But he saw at once that his mildness had prevented the words from reaching his friend's mind. The latter went on: "And it must be done thoroughly. Half-way measures are useless. Unless your manager owns his house he can't keep a play on that plays to less than eight thousand a week. The rentals are getting prohibitive. Cheaper and noisier things are clamoring to go on. To get even that chance you must cultivate people of all sorts, attend to the publicity work—others always bungle it—and spend the greater part of your time on anything but your job."

The critic, afraid now that he was being cultivated, stirred his tea. He felt rather dreary. He wanted to say: "If it's so repulsive, why stick to it? You could do a dozen other things. One doesn't have to write plays." But before his small courage to inflict a probably futile sting rose to the point of speech, the other, now with a pseudo-lyrical intonation, cried: "O for a hermitage! Of course I do my own, my real work at intervals. There are my unplayed plays. I'll send you the new volume that is about to appear."

The cat—a well-bred and not too obtrusive animal—was out of the bag. But a little flame leaped up, as it will now and then, in the critic's brain. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I can't admit your clearly implicit plea. I want to believe in what you call your real work, but I mustn't let you think it possible. You've written 'The Adventure of Flip' and 'Jack and Jill.' You not only built the false and therefore immoral fables, but achieved the rancid emotionalism of the dialogue. I don't blame you for trying. Money tempts the best of us. It buys freedom. I blame you for succeeding. Your ability to succeed proves that you are not a native of the regions from which, as you think, the condition of the theater exiles you. You are at

ALFRED A. KNOPF  220 W. 42d ST., NEW YORK

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home here—a skilful playwright and, privately, a cultivated gentleman. But you'll never find your hermitage. Since it was not in your mind from the beginning, it exists on neither sea nor land."

With fantastic suddenness the conversation became general and amid the hubbub and tinkle the blond and energetic playwright came in. His voice was resonant but monotonous. It had a little edge that kept rasping some nerve. "Ah, Charlie's play! Have you seen it? Charming. Oh, charming. But there were mistakes in it at first. He sent for me during the rehearsals. 'Frank,' he said, 'what's wrong with it?' I saw at once. The girl came on too soon: no preparation. In the second place, the jokes would never reach the stalls. They weren't led up to nor repeated." With a kindly and instructive gesture he turned to the critic: "The way it's done in vaudeville, you know. Now everything is right and it's playing to nine thousand a week."

The dark playwright leaned forward. "That's bully! Of course it's a smaller house. 'Jack and Jill' did nearly fourteen thousand dollars worth of business last week." He got up and strolled toward a window while the blond playwright turned to the critic, who felt the bleakness in his bones that he always does when he hears brokers talk. He wanted to go home. But those glossy eyes held him. "Haven't seen you since the first night of 'Millions Don't Make the Man.' That didn't do so well. I've got a new thing going on that might interest you. But my real work's more in your line. Highly imaginative. Like Barrie. We're through with the ugly. I'll send you the volume in advance of publication."

The critic sank deeper into his chair. The blond playwright was so sure of himself. But just then he seemed to withdraw to an inner contemplation of his own assurance, and from farther down the room came the Voice which the critic specially dreaded. It was not rivalry or envy, Heaven knows, that made him dread the other critic. It was the icy moment of terror that he always feels when unbridgable chasms open between his mind and another's. But the Voice arose: "I admit the merits of 'The Brothers.' But its success or failure will not affect the development of a native school of drama. Tragedy is foreign to us."

The critic jumped from his chair. A lady regarded his rude suddenness deprecatingly. But he was beyond the reach of her rebuke. "Then we are less than human," he cried, "or more. The tragic is in art because it is in life! Why is nine-tenths of all great literature shot through and through with tragedy? Because human life is. The very Fool in Shakespeare has a somber heart, the very grotesques of Dickens throw a shadow on the understanding mind. If tragedy is foreign to us, then so are birth and love and death and all spiritual conflict, then we are apes or gods but not men!" The critic gasped. He hadn't meant to preach. He was known as a sinister "highbrow" even so. He smiled wryly. "Have it your own way," he said. "But what a world you're making: bevo instead of beer, drug-shops instead of taverns, flirting instead of love, shop-work instead of Greek, business instead of beauty, and 'Tillie's Triumphs' instead of tragedy!"

With cool precision the Voice—it seemed a collective Voice—floated above the dead silence: "You do not understand the theater."

"And you," retorted the critic wearily, "understand nothing else."

He turned and, by some magic, found his coat and hat ready to his hand. Outside the bluish dark was splashed by the lights of Broadway. The stars had no chance against that glitter. He walked in the opposite direction. He needed a peace far from the theater. But near the corner of Seventh Avenue a round, comfortable little figure of a man, moon-faced and pudgy-fisted, rolled against him, and he heard, in a moment, the ingratiating purr of a soft Irish intonation: "Come to see the little play next week. It's only a bit of craft. But the 'old man' doesn't let anything fail. It ought to play to good business. Some day, though, I'm going to write a play I've got in mind and publish it. That'll be my real work. I'll send you . . ."

But the critic had turned swiftly and melted into the more solid darkness farther West.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

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British Labor and the Irish Settlement

THE report of the Commission of the British Parliamentary Labor party, printed below, is of particular interest at the present time. The members of the Commission—Mr. Arthur Henderson, Mr. H. S. Lindsay, and Mr. William Adamson—visited Dublin, Thurles, Tipperary, Cork, Limerick, and Belfast.

Ireland is suffering today from a malady which has many evil effects, but only one cause. The frustration of national aspirations in social as well as political affairs has produced a feeling of bitter resentment, transmitted from one generation to another, against British rule. Nothing that the British Administration has done or can do in mitigating the conditions of life for the Irish population alters this feeling. Ireland is utterly estranged. The problem of Ireland, as the Labor delegation sees it, is a problem of political pathology. . . .

Much of the prevailing discontent is unquestionably to be attributed to the methods of the present Administration. Apart from the wider claim of the Irish people to the control of their own affairs, these methods would drive any spirited nation into a state of deep-seated and dangerous discontent. Where the Administration is not merely unintelligent it appears to be deliberately provocative. Over the greater part of Ireland the belief exists that Dublin Castle pursues a policy of calculated provocation. The civil and military authorities between them have destroyed practically all the safeguards of political and personal liberty, and we have reason to believe that this policy of repression has driven many Nationalists belonging to the constitutional school into the arms of Sinn Fein.

Raids on private dwellings are a common occurrence. To be found in possession of political leaflets means immediate arrest. A gathering of three or more persons is an illegal assembly. Fairs and markets, which are an essential part of the machinery of Irish trade, are prohibited; trade union meetings, even national games and pastimes, are forbidden; musical festivals and literary and debating societies of the most harmless character are regarded as conspiracies. In a word, every institution of which we as British citizens are so proud—a free press, freedom of speech, liberty of the subject, and trial by jury—are things of the past in a large part of Ireland, and rule by military force, which we sought to destroy when resorted to by Germany, is an established fact in south and southwest Ireland today. These facts are fatal to our reputation for national good faith, and cannot fail to prejudice our national standing in the eyes of our self-governing Dominions and the Dependencies.

The repressive measures adopted by the Administration have serious economic effects, in addition to the moral and political harm they do. The prohibition of markets and fairs was stated in Tipperary to have increased the cost of living by 125 per cent. It had prejudicially affected the turnover of the town by £23,000 a week. Among other results, it had driven the price of potatoes, in the heart of Tipperary County, to 3s. a stone.

Three illustrations of the quite senseless attitude of the Administration may be cited here as particularly flagrant examples. One is the prohibition of the annual Irish fair, an important event in the business life of the country. Elaborate arrangements had been made for the event, which was to have been held in Dublin. Exhibits came in from all parts of the country and many visitors were arriving when the fair was prohibited, on the very eve of its opening. Its chief organizer, Alderman Thomas Kelly, who has since been elected Lord Mayor of Dublin, was arrested and imprisoned in Wormwood Scrubbs, without trial, and without any charge being preferred against him. The Labor delegation failed to elicit any popular explanation of the action of the authorities, except the suggestion that they desired to inflict injury upon Irish trade.

A similar observation must be made in the case of the measures taken against the Sinn Fein Commission to investigate the present position and future development of Irish industry. It is true that the Commission was appointed and financed by the Sinn Fein Parliament (Dail Eireann), which has been declared illegal; but the work of the Commission was at least entitled to the same approval that would have been given to a similar inquiry by any political party or chamber of commerce in this country. The Commission represented every shade of opinion in Ireland—Nationalist, Labor, Unionist, and Sinn Fein—and its first act was to declare itself free from any political control or direction, and its chairman informed the Labor delegation that no political discussions were permitted at its meetings. We were in Cork when its members were ejected by the police from the City Hall, where accommodation was to be placed at their disposal by the Lord Mayor, whose control over the municipal building and whose permission to the Commission to enter, given in our presence, were over-ridden by the police.

Then, again, there is the case of the Gaelic League, which is a body formed for the purpose of promoting the Irish language, Irish dress, Irish habit of thought, and so on. It was formerly a very mixed body, but latterly has been captured by the Sinn Feiners, and undoubtedly here and there, at public meetings, speeches have been made advocating an Irish Republic. But when all is said and done, the Gaelic League comprised, and still comprises, within its ranks many people who do not believe in an Irish Republic, and until recently, at any rate, its subscription list included the names of many persons whose views are well known to be antagonistic to Sinn Fein. This League was proclaimed as a dangerous association by the Civil Executive.

In enforcing the policy of repression illustrated by these examples, the authorities or their agents were charged in many cases with having done wanton damage to the property of the people whom they assailed. By the police and the military the people are treated as a conquered race whose attitude towards their conquerors entitles them to no mercy or forbearance.

Among the southern Unionists the Labor delegation found defenders of the policy of repression, on the ground that law and order must be maintained with a firm hand. The chief reason assigned for the imposition of martial law and the application of D. O. R. A. was the shooting of individual policemen. While we condemn unreservedly all such political outrages, which are unhappily a common result of unsettled political conditions such as exist in Ireland at the present time, we are bound to say that no evidence was forthcoming to prove that the shooting of policemen preceded the application of the policy of rigorous repression. The arguments for coercion and condemnation of terrorism move in a vicious circle, because they become arguments against the establishment of self-government in Ireland; the advocates of coercion insist that the restoration of law and order must precede self-government, and that the Government cannot yield to intimidation; but when the country is dragooned into submission its sullen quiescence becomes to these advocates a proof that there is no general demand for self-government, and that all Ireland needed was the few years of "resolute government" prescribed by the late Lord Salisbury.

Acts of violence are deplorably frequent in Ireland, but they are not all on one side, and we are convinced that on the popular side they are the work of irresponsible extremists and form no part of the policy and program of any organized body of Irish opinion. . . .

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For the administration of justice in south and southwest Ireland there is nothing but popular contempt. It is English justice, where every crime is regarded as a political act and almost every political act is made a crime; the judgments of the Courts are treated as mere incidents in the political struggle. It is no disgrace to have been in prison; it is a mark of patriotism. Resident magistrates who deal with important cases at Petty Sessions are removable at the will of the Lord Lieutenant; and when their decisions do not meet with the approval of Dublin Castle they are, we were informed, rebuked, the rebuke carrying with it the implied threat of dismissal if their future decisions are not exactly consonant with the Castle policy.

The High Court Bench is mainly Unionist. Political bias tinges the charge to Grand Juries in reference to the state of the country, and political feeling often determines judgment. There is no record that any Irish judge condemned the rebellious Ulster movement in 1913-1914, which was led by an eminent King's Counsel, but today all the Irish judges condemn Southern "sedition." The contempt with which the Courts are regarded is the direct reflex of the general misrule. The English Administration is thoroughly discredited. The very first step towards the pacification of Ireland is a complete change in the methods of governing the country and in the personnel of its governors.

An earnest effort was made by the Labor delegation to ascertain the position of the several political parties and groups in relation to the question of self-government, and to form an estimate of the amount of popular support they command. Out of 1,032,829 votes cast for contested seats, the Unionists secured 297,437, Sinn Fein 484,526, and the Nationalists 232,909. The Unionists obtained 26 seats, Sinn Fein 73 (25 uncontested), and the Nationalists 6. It has been estimated that the representation of Ireland (including the University seats) on a proportional representation system would have been Unionists 24, Nationalists 23, Independent 1, giving a total of 48 non-Sinn Feiners as against 57 Sinn Feiners. In this connection, it is necessary to state that the Sinn Fein representatives declare they were elected to attend, not the Parliament at Westminster, but an Irish Parliament in Dublin.

Whether the Sinn Fein vote was a vote for complete separation may be a matter of opinion. We desire in this matter to avoid sweeping generalizations. It is undeniable that Sinn Fein stands for the ideal of an Irish Republic. It does, in fact, claim that the Irish Republic is already in being, and that Dail Eireann is its Parliament. It is also undeniable that in some directions Sinn Fein functions as a *de facto* Government. It has established Courts whose decisions are respected, and issues decrees that are obeyed by a very considerable part of the population. Its authority, unlike that of the English Government, is derived from the consent of a majority of the Irish electors who voted at the last general election. It has created Departments and appointed Ministers, including a Minister of Finance, whose first task was to raise a loan of one million sterling on the credit of the Irish Republic. It has appointed representatives abroad, and, as we have indicated, it has undertaken as one of its first duties the investigation by a Commission of the present position and future possibilities of Irish industry.

All these activities are declared illegal and unconstitutional; they are in form and effect a declaration of independence. It is part of the settled policy of Sinn Fein to ignore the British Parliament. No Sinn Fein member will attend at Westminster. Sinn Fein asserts the principle of self-determination to its fullest extent. It denies the right of England to keep Ireland within the British Empire without the consent of the Irish people. This is the extreme view, put with remarkable ability and force by Sinn Fein leaders, and it does beyond all question command a large measure of popular support.

At the other extreme stand the Unionists. The general Unionist view is represented by the Irish Unionist Alliance, a body which appointed a deputation representing the whole country to meet the Labor delegation. This body stands for the maintenance of the Union against the policy of separation. It believes that neither the 1914 Act, nor the proposed new Bill, can solve the problem. A Parliament in Dublin, would, they say, at once declare for complete independence, and the policy would be one of hostility to England. It is not the Union, but maladministration, which is responsible for the present state of affairs in Ireland.

But Unionist opinion is divided. Some Unionists in the South, although opposed to self-government, are not in favor of partition. This section of the southern unionists is represented by the Anti-Partition League, which was not in existence before the war, and is an offshoot of the Irish Unionist Alliance. This body takes a more reasonable view. It suggests a course of remedial legislation as the first essential, and thinks the completion of land purchase and a comprehensive housing scheme would tend to allay political discontent. But if self-government must come, they say, it should be on the lines of the Convention, so that the Unionists in the South would have the support of Ulster. But the first condition of any such settlement, in the view of the Anti-Partition Unionists, must be the restoration of law and order.

Labor also is divided. In the South it demands not so much an Irish Republic as full freedom for Ireland to determine its own future, including its relations with England. In their opinion, a free Ireland would be prepared to give self-government to Ulster, but not with a British army in occupation. Labor in the South believes that Ulster is changing, especially the Ulster workmen, and Ulster is not homogeneous; even in Antrim, the strongest Orange county, Catholics form 20 per cent of the population, and there are many Protestant Home Rulers there. The Irish Trades Union Congress and Labor party, whose headquarters are in Dublin, with a total affiliated membership of 300,000 Trade Unionists, has passed a resolution that any Labor candidates elected to Parliament shall absent themselves from Westminster.

In the North, Labor is influenced far too much by religious animosities to take an unprejudiced view of the situation. In the Trade Union branches there Home Rule discussions are taboo. The Labor delegation formed the opinion that there are a large number of Ulster workmen who are in favor of Home Rule and against partition. Many support the suggestion of calling a constituent assembly, on the basis of proportional representation, to draft a Constitution for the country. It was stated that the 1914 Act would have met with strong opposition from Ulster, but not from Ulster as a whole, and the opposition would have come almost entirely from four Ulster counties. Many believe that if self-government were in force for some time the demand for independence would practically disappear.

From Trade Unionist members of the Unionists Labor Association no helpful suggestions were forthcoming. This association claims to be the most representative political body in the North. None of its members directly represent their Trade Unions, and the fact that Sir Edward Carson is its president, and employers are associated with it, discounts its claim to be a bona fide labor organization. That it echoes the political opinion of a substantial number of working people in Belfast, the Labor delegation is not prepared to deny; but its distrust of anything Catholic, its complete indifference to the fact that the great majority of the Irish people differ from it, and its total lack of representative authority, did not give weight to its views.

The Nationalist movement is at present almost totally eclipsed by Sinn Fein. It is, nevertheless, a vital movement, as the voting at the general election, and more recently in the municipal elections, indisputably proves. The Nationalist members are as resolute as ever for self-government, to be secured by constitutional means. But constitutional methods and the policy that dictates them are in abeyance at the present time, and the Nationalists have difficulty in keeping their followers together.

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They have been discredited in a large part of Ireland, not by their own acts or by the objective failure of their policy, but by the acts and policy of the British Government, whose promises they trusted and by whom they were betrayed.

From this brief survey of organized opinion in Ireland it is clear that the country is overwhelmingly opposed to the present political system. This is in itself a sufficient justification for change. It is not the only reason. There is an economic case against the Union. It has been proved, beyond all question, that the majority of the Irish people are not happy under British rule. Neither are they normally as prosperous as they ought to be. Nationalist Ireland under alien domination is in a state of economic arrest.

In a report of this character we can only deal with the evidence on this aspect of the case in the broadest possible manner. According to Sinn Fein, the Union lays upon Ireland far too heavy a financial burden. They say over-taxation is proved, and point out that in 1894 the British Government appointed a Financial Relations Commission which unanimously reported in 1896 that Ireland has been over-taxed from the year 1800 by two and three-quarter millions a year. They maintain that in the last hundred years Irish taxation has been increased eleven-fold, whereas English taxation has been in the same period increased only five-fold. Since the report of the Commission cited above Irish taxation has been increased. The revenue derived from the country in 1919 was £37,275,000. . . . For 1920, the estimated Irish revenue is £43,000,000. Of this 1919 total only about twenty-two and one-half million was spent on Irish services, and this expenditure includes more than two and one-fourth million spent upon the police and the administration of justice; it also includes the odd fifty thousand for the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary.

The Labor delegation obtained sufficient information to show that practically nothing is being done at the present time to provide houses in Ireland. The problem is mainly urban. . . . Although it is impossible to obtain necessary supplies of cement and other building materials, practically nothing is done to exploit the materials available in many parts of Ireland suitable for the manufacture of cement, bricks, fireclay, and sanitary goods. The Labor delegation were informed that a number of brickworks were at a standstill for want of orders!

Many complaints were made regarding the scarcity of coal. In Limerick the people were paying for coal at the rate of 6s. 6d. a hundredweight, when it was obtainable. One reason for the shortage was a strike of laborers then in progress, which held up supplies from England; the strike was caused by the refusal of an importing company to pay fair wages. Another coal merchant, paying fair wages, had provided the town with coal until his allotted supplies were exhausted, under the regulation that supplies to a coal merchant must be based on his trade for a basic year. . . .

Related to this question of coal is the problem of developing Ireland's other sources of power. The Labor delegation could not obtain any evidence that plans were being made to utilize the power now running to waste in Irish rivers. A committee appointed by the British Board of Trade in 1918 to investigate the water-power resources of the United Kingdom set a subcommittee to report on Irish resources, but we have obtained no information regarding its activities.

Sinn Fein alleges that during the war Ireland was swept almost clean of timber, and little has been done in the way of replanting. (Dail Eireann has set up a Reafforestation Department and decreed a National Arbor Day.) The British Government has acquired about 7,000 acres of existing timber, and about 8,000 acres of mountain land for reafforestation, but only about 1,500 acres of the former have been planted or replanted, and of the latter about 500 acres. This is a very meager provision for a country where the forests were disappearing at the rate of 1,000 acres a year before the war, and at a very much greater rate since.

Canals and water transport are almost entirely neglected. Experts declare that many of the agricultural and cognate products of Ireland, such as potatoes, grain, and wool, are suitable for inland water transportation; much can be done to improve and extend the system of canals and waterways. Ports and harbors urgently require development, and the introduction of modern machinery for loading and discharging ships. Sea fisheries around Ireland compare very unfavorably with those of England and Scotland; and, here again, the explanation offered is that the yield of the Irish fisheries is deliberately discouraged. . . .

We have stressed these economic questions here because the neglect of Irish industry, under the Union, adds enormously to the difficulties and dangers of the political situation. Ireland can become prosperous. With an area twice as large as that of Denmark or Switzerland and three times as large as Belgium, with a population double that of Denmark and considerably in excess of that of Switzerland, its povery and dependence are an economic anomaly. It is the only country in Europe with an increasing birth-rate. It is stated that there are today more men on the soil of Ireland than there were in 1914, the bulk of them young men who would normally have emigrated. It is in the interest of Ireland and, we believe, of the British Empire, conceived of as a commonwealth of free self-governing communities, that they should be encouraged to remain. To remain, work must be provided for them, and Ireland can provide it. But the economic regeneration of Ireland depends upon its achievement of political freedom.

No single "once-for-all" solution of the Irish problem can be applied in the present state of political feeling. Every conceivable remedy that can be suggested offers difficulties. One-word solutions, such as "separation" or "partition" raise more difficulties than they remove. We believe the solution lies somewhere between the extremes of the "no change" policy of Ulster and the "clear out" policy of Sinn Fein.

The Labor delegation came definitely to the conclusion that partition is no remedy, if only for the reason that Ireland is an economic entity. With regard to the demand for complete separation, politics is the art of the possible, and the opposition which this policy would encounter from British prejudices and Ulster interests renders this solution impossible without bloodshed and a dreadful embitterment of feeling which would, if Ireland were successful, destroy every possibility of friendly relations for many generations; and which would, if Ireland were unsuccessful, involve her continued subjection. We seek a settlement which will put an end to the disastrous and unnatural enmity between neighboring nations, each of which has need of what the other can give.

The Labor party is committed, as indeed the whole British nation is committed, to the principle of self-determination. The Prime Minister said, on January 5, 1918: *"Mere lip-service to the formula of . . . the principle of self-determination is useless."* Again: *"We believe that before permanent peace can be hoped for three conditions must be fulfilled,"* and the second of these conditions was that *"territorial settlement must be secured based on the right of self-determination or the consent of the governed."*

The acceptance of this principle implies the right of the Irish people to determine their own future. We believe that if Ireland were left free to decide whether she would remain within the Empire or become completely separated from it, the Irish people themselves, upon mature consideration, would decide that it was in their own interest that the link should not be completely severed. But there is a very vital distinction between Ireland remaining part of the United Kingdom under compulsion and remaining as the result of her own choice. Whatever form of Union may be maintained should be arranged by agreement through negotiation, and not imposed merely as the result of the greater power of what Lord Rosebery called "the predominant partner." It must be recognized that an immediate

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decision on the issue of Union or Separation might not be a true reflex of the considered opinion of the majority of the Irish people. The present atmosphere is neither healthy nor normal. The people have always suffered in the recollection of age-long grievances, they are not unnaturally suspicious of the British Government owing to past betrayals, they remember in a spirit of resentment the Revolution and the ruthless execution by the British Government of those who "offered their lives in the cause of Irish freedom," and the subsequent effort to impose compulsory military service; they are bitterly incensed against the present régime of martial law. These factors are calculated to prejudice any attempt to ascertain the considered and mature opinion of the Irish people on the question of Union or Separation, and they might result in the sacrificing of Ireland's ultimate interests to the immediate satisfaction that might be gained by a total repudiation of any form of connection with their old-time political oppressors. The first essential is to change the attitude of the people due to generations of unavailing struggle for freedom.

We consider, therefore, that the principle of self-determination should be acknowledged by the British Government in the case of Ireland, just as it is admitted in the case of the self-governing Dominions, but that the Constitution conferring self-government on Ireland should not be subject to revision by the Irish people until after an agreed number of years, during which under self-government they would have an opportunity to return to a more normal state of mind, free from the prejudices and animosities engendered by the failure of British Governments in the past to satisfy Irish demands.

Our discussions in Ireland lead us to believe that either of the following alternatives would be acceptable to the majority of the Irish people. Firstly, a full measure of Dominion Self-Government, with provision for the protection of minorities, questions of defense and foreign relations being reserved to the Imperial Parliament. It is not suggested that the scheme would meet with the unanimous approval of the whole of the Irish people, but so far as we could ascertain it promises to be a solution that would secure the greatest measure of support, and in this particular respect it has a decided advantage over the Prime Minister's present scheme, which meets with practically unanimous disapproval.

The second alternative which meets with a substantial measure of approval in Ireland is that the form of self-government to be established should be decided upon by an Irish constituent assembly representing the whole Irish people and elected on a system of proportional representation, which would be charged with the task of drafting the new Constitution and making provision for the protection of minorities, questions of defense and foreign relations being reserved to the Imperial Parliament.

The Labor delegation hold strongly the view that the ultimate guarantee of better relations between the two countries lies in the Irish people being convinced that the economic regeneration of Ireland rests in their own hands. A Labor Government in England would, of course, offer every help that a free Ireland might reasonably ask for in her task of developing industry, and would coöperate with Irish labor in introducing and maintaining international labor standards. But the regeneration of Irish life and Irish industry should be Ireland's opportunity and responsibility. And Labor wants to place Ireland in the position to deal with it.

The responsibility for the present condition of Ireland does not rest with Labor. We make our proposals for the immediate solution of the Irish problem in the spirit in which we conceive it would be approached by a Labor Government. The Government now in power has incurred, like past Governments, the distrust and suspicion of the Irish people. British Labor is not in this position, and lies under no suspicion of political cynicism in appealing to the Irish people to coöperate in the task of finding a solution. But Labor is not in power and the Irish problem is urgent. It constitutes a reproach to the British people in the eyes of other nations. Britain has done much to extend the boundaries of political freedom in the world at large, and Irish soldiers have died to bring freedom to the people of other lands. We do not believe the British people desire to keep Ireland in a state of subjection; they want Ireland to become a free partner in the British commonwealth of free self-governing communities, which men of Irish blood have helped to create, to further the ideal of political democracy. There can be no achievement of our generation greater than to find a solution of this century-old problem. British Labor puts forward its proposals in the belief that they will command the assent of the people of this country, and prove acceptable to the majority of the Irish people. We appeal to both nations to coöperate in carrying them into practical effect without further delay.

The Stand of the Labor Party

The following resolution was adopted by the Eighteenth Annual Conference of the Labor party at London in June, 1918:

That the Conference unhesitatingly recognizes the claim of the people of Ireland to Home Rule, and to self-determination in all exclusively Irish affairs; it protests against the stubborn resistance to a democratic reorganization of Irish government by those who, alike in Ireland and Great Britain, are striving to keep minorities dominant; and it demands that a wide and generous measure of Home Rule, on the lines indicated by the proceedings of the Irish Convention, should be immediately passed into law and put into operation.

The Irish Home Rule Bill

THE Irish Home Rule Bill as it was formally introduced in the House of Commons on February 27, provides for a Parliament of 52 members for Northern Ireland which is to consist of the counties of Londonderry, Antrim, Down, Armagh, Fermanagh, and Tyrone, and the parliamentary boroughs of Belfast and Londonderry, (one-third of Tyrone at the elections of 1918 was Sinn Fein, and one-third Nationalist). The remaining portion, or Southern Ireland, is to have a Parliament of 128 members, members in both cases to be elected by proportional representation. The powers of either of these Parliaments are not to be affected by any vacancy therein, or by any disqualification of any member.

Besides the Provincial Parliaments there is to be a Council of Ireland consisting of a President appointed by the Crown, and twenty members from each Parliament. This Council is to deal with legislation affecting both Northern and Southern Ireland. At any time by joint action of the Provincial Parliaments the Council may be displaced by a single Parliament of one or two houses with the King at its head, and this Parliament may determine its own membership, mode of elections, etc., and may pass legislation dealing with the two sections of Ireland, and any other legislation delegated to it by joint action of the separate Parliaments.

The Provincial Parliaments may pass all legislation concerning their respective areas, except in matters reserved to the Imperial Parliament, such as legislation relating to peace and war, the army and navy, treason, aliens and naturalization, foreign trade, and coinage. They may levy taxes except customs and excise duties, and excess profits and income taxes, which are reserved to and collected by the Imperial Parliament. Ireland's share of the reserved taxes will be returned to her each year. The separate Parliaments may not pass any appropriation bills unless they are recommended by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. No religious restrictions may be imposed for any reason.

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The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, appointed by the Crown, is to be the executive. He is to appoint his own heads of departments, who, together with others whom he may select, are to be Provincial Ministers, to hold office during his pleasure. The Provincial Ministers form the Executive Committee of the Privy Council of Ireland to advise the Lord Lieutenant in the exercise of his duties.

Imperial control of the Royal Irish Constabulary and of the Metropolitan Police is to be retained for three years only, after which it is to be placed in the hands of the Provincial Parliaments, which are to be officially responsible for the maintenance of law and order. During the three remaining years of Government control, the police and constabulary are to be governed by a committee of three, one chosen from each Provincial Parliament and one appointed by the Crown. The postal service and savings banks are to be administered by the Imperial Parliament until after the date of the dissolution of the Council of Ireland and the establishment of the joint Parliament, mentioned above, or by a joint Act of the two Parliaments.

An Imperial levy of 18,000,000 pounds is to be laid annually for two years. At the end of that time the amount of the levy is to be re-determined, depending upon the total annual income, by a Joint Exchequer Board. The amount may be fixed anew at five-year intervals. As long as the levy is 18,000,000 pounds, Southern Ireland is to pay 56 per cent of it, and Northern Ireland 44 per cent. After the preliminary two-year period, this proportion also is subject to change.

In place of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Ireland there are to be set up Supreme Courts for Northern and Southern Ireland, each to consist of a High Court and a Court of Appeals. In addition there is to be a High Court of Appeals for all Ireland, from which in certain cases appeal may be made to the House of Lords.

Forty-two members are to be elected from Ireland to the British Parliament, thirty from Southern and twelve from Northern Ireland. These are to be chosen from districts determined by the present bill, and the Irish Members of the House of Commons now entitled to seats are to vacate them on the appointed day and writs are to be issued for the election of new members.

The Bill passed its second reading on March 31 by a vote of 348 to 94. The minority was composed as follows: Labor 43, Independent Liberals 20, Conservatives 24, Irish Nationalists 7. Sir Edward Carson and the Ulster members abstained from voting.

Circumventing the Curfew

IN answer to the curfew order issued by the British military authorities in Dublin forbidding all citizens without permits to be on the streets between midnight and five o'clock in the morning, the Dublin Corporation adopted the following report:

1. That the Council refuses permission to any employee or official to apply for permits to the English Military Government for the discharge of any of the municipal duties.
2. That the Council orders the cessation of such municipal services as might endanger the lives of our officials or employees during the imposition of martial law, and the night watchmen shall leave their duty by 11 p.m. and resume at 6 a.m.
3. That the Lighting Committee be directed to see that the public lamps are extinguished at such an hour as permits of the completion of work by 11.30 p.m.
4. That this Council refuses to authorize the payment of overtime to any man in respect of work done between 12 midnight and 5 a.m., for which a permit has been obtained.

Until further order any dispute or difficulty in carrying out the above recommendations shall be submitted to a joint committee.

Events of the Week

MARCH 27. As a result of plans made at the International Trade Conference at Atlantic City last October, a new International Chamber of Commerce will be organized at Paris during the week of June 21. Business organizations in all the principal countries of the world will participate eventually, but at the start only five countries—the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Belgium—will have membership.

MARCH 28. The Mexican Embassy announces that the Mexican Treasury has decided to resume payments of interest on its external debt, which amounts to about $100,000,000, and about a third of which is held in the United States. Interest payments have been accruing at the rate of $12,000,000 annually for seven years, it is calculated. A Bank of the Republic will also be established.

MARCH 29. At Asuncion, Paraguay, labor unions and shopkeepers voted to continue their "money strike" as a protest against the depreciation of Paraguayan paper money. It was announced that no work would be resumed and no shops reopened until the Chamber of Commerce and the public authorities adopted the practice of transacting business on the old basis.

APRIL 1. The Peruvian Government has engaged the services of Major General William C. Gorgas, former Surgeon General of the United States Army, as a sanitary expert. He has accepted a five years' contract.

The Commission appointed by the League of Nations Council to investigate the situation in Soviet Russia will have no official American representative, as the Government takes the position that non-membership in the League precludes participation in the Commission's work.

Ian MacPherson, Chief Secretary for Ireland, has resigned his office and his resignation has been officially accepted. Sir Hamar Greenwood, Under Secretary for Home Affairs, has been offered the Secretaryship.

The Supreme Allied Council has offered the League of Nations a mandate for Armenia. The French are to maintain protection of Cilicia, but all other Armenian territories would be included in the mandate and an outlet to the Black Sea provided.

APRIL 2. In reply to the proposal of the Polish Government for peace negotiations to be held at Borisov between Poland and Soviet Russia, the Russian Soviet Government suggested an armistice along the whole battlefront during the negotiations and asked that the peace conference be held in Esthonia. Poland now rejects the proposal for an armistice and also opposes Esthonia as the seat of the conference, inasmuch as Esthonia has negotiated a treaty with Russia and violated the terms of its treaty with Poland.

A peaceful demonstration was made by 3,000 Filipino farmers headed by the provincial Governor of Rizal, who had walked 18 miles to present to Governor General Harrison a petition against the sale of Payaas Hacienda to the Japanese by the Spanish owners. The estate consists of 13,000 acres, or about half of the arable land in the municipalities of Mariquina, San Mateo, and Montalban, 80 per cent of whose inhabitants depend upon it for their living.

APRIL 3. Japan has notified the State Department of the United States that its troops must be maintained in Siberia on account of the danger to Japanese citizens in that country and on account of the unsettled political conditions which "menace" Manchuria and Korea. The Japanese Government, however, affirms that as soon as those conditions have been overcome, it will evacuate the country, "provided the Czecho-Slovaks have been completely withdrawn."

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The Nation
FOUNDED 1865
Vol. CX NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1920 No. 2858

Evolution in the Adams Family

By STUART P. SHERMAN

BROOKS ADAMS apologizes for the inadequacy of his introduction to his brother's philosophical remains on the ground that the publishers hurried him, saying that if he did not get the book out within the year it would have lost its interest. Of course the readers who take up "The Education of Henry Adams" because it is the sensation of the hour will soon drop away, perhaps have already done so; but interest in the Adamses, so long quiescent, so piquantly reawakened at the end of the fourth eminent generation, is likely to hold more serious readers for some time to come. Henry has thrown out challenges which the indolent reviewer cannot lightly answer nor easily ignore. What shall be done with that profoundly pessimistic theory of the "degradation of energy"—a degradation alleged to be discoverable in the universe, in democracy, and even in that incorruptible stronghold of pure virtue, the Adams family? Every one who has sat blithely down to read "The Education," much more to review it, must have discovered that it is only the last or the latest chapter of a "continued story." It is a lure leading into a vast literary edifice, built by successive generations, which one must at least casually explore before one can conceive what was the heritage of Henry Adams, or can guess whether the family's energy suffered degradation when it produced him.

One who wishes to measure the decline from the source must begin with "The Works of John Adams" in ten volumes, edited by his grandson Charles Francis Adams I, and including a diary so fascinating and so important that one marvels that American students of letters are not occasionally sent to it rather than to Pepys or Evelyn. One should follow this up with the charming letters of John's wife, Abigail, also edited by Charles Francis I in 1841—a classic which would be in the American Everyman if our publishers fostered American as carefully as they foster English traditions. For John Quincy Adams, we have his own "Memoirs" in twelve volumes, being portions of that famous diary of which he said: "There has perhaps not been another individual of the human race whose daily existence from early childhood to fourscore years has been noted down with his own hand so minutely as mine"; also a separate volume called "Life in a New England Town," being his diary while a student in the office of Theophilus Parsons at Newburyport. One may perhaps pass Charles Francis I with his life by Charles Francis II. Then one descends to the fourth generation, and reads the "Autobiography" of Charles Francis II, published in 1916, a notable book with interest not at all dependent upon reflected story. Of Brooks Adams one must read at least "The Emancipation of Massachusetts" and the introduction to "The Degradation of Democratic Dogma"; and then one is tantalized on into "The Law of Civilization and Decay," "America's Economic Supremacy," and "The Theory of Social Revolutions." Finally one approaches Henry's "Education" not quite unprepared and not overlooking the fact that, besides biographies of Gallatin and Randolph, he wrote what has been called "incomparably the best" history of the administrations of Jefferson and Madison in nine volumes distinguished by lucid impartiality, "Mont Saint Michel and Chartres," an interpretation of the twelfth century as impressive in height and span as the great cathedral which Adams takes as the symbol of his thought.

Historians, of course, are familiar with all these paths; I should like, however, to commend them a little to gentler and less learned readers. Taken not as material for history but as the story of four generations of great personalities, living always near the centre of American life, the Adams annals surpass anything we have produced in fiction. One may plunge into them as into the Comédie Humaine of Balzac or Zola's Rougon-Macquart series and happily lose contact with the world, which, if we may believe Brooks Adams, *ultimus Romanorum*, is going so fatally to the dogs. Perhaps an Adams of the present day must come forth from the study of his heredity, environment, and education with a conviction that he is an automaton, moved forward by the convergence of "lines of force," and that he is a poorer automaton than his grandfather. But for my part, I have emerged from these narratives much braced by contact with the stout, proud, purposeful Adams will, and with an impression that their latest pessimistic theories are poorly supported by their facts.

The Adams pessimism has a certain tonic quality due to its origin in the Adams sense for standards. The three Adonises, Charles Francis, Brooks, and Henry, have humiliated themselves all their lives by walking back and forth before the portraits of their statesman ancestors and measuring their altitude against that of the friends of Washington. An Adams should always be in the grand style. So history presents them to the young imagination: Plutarchan heroes, august republicans, ever engaged in some public act or gesture such as Benjamin West liked to spread on his canvases—drafting the Declaration of Independence, presenting credentials to George III, signing the Monroe doctrine, fulminating against the annexation of Texas, or penning the famous dispatch to Lord Russell: "It would be superfluous to point out to your lordship that this is war."

For an Adams, who needs a bit of humility, it no doubt is wholesome to dwell on the superiority of his forefathers; but for the democrat, who needs a bit of encouragement, it is equally wholesome to reflect that John Adams represents a distinct "variation" of species. The family had been in America a hundred years before the grand style began to develop. In the words of Charles Francis I, "Three long successive generations and more than a century of time passed away, during which Gray's elegy in the country

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churchyard relates the whole substance of their history." If we can only understand the processes by which John was transformed from a small farmer's son to President of the United States, the evolution of the rest of the family will be as easy to follow as the transmission of wealth. Now, John's emergence is singularly devoid of miraculous aspects, and it is therefore of practical interest to the democrat.

John abandoned the pitchfork and varied his species by taking two steps which in those days were calculated to put him in the governing class. He went to Harvard—a course which may still be imitated, but which in 1755, when the total population of the colonies only equalled that of one of our great cities, set a man far more distinctly in a class by himself than it does today, and marked him for a professional career. Second, after an insignificant interval of school teaching, he studied law in the office of Rufus Putnam, and thus entered a still smaller class, carefully restricted by limitation of the number of apprentices that could be taken in any office. At the same time he began keeping a diary, a habit which it is now the custom to ridicule.

What strikes one about John's diary in his years of adolescence is that he uses it as an instrument for marking his intellectual progress and getting himself in hand, neither of which is a morbid activity. He notes that he is of an amorous temperament and that his thoughts are liable to be "called off from law by a girl, a pipe, a poem, a love-letter, a Spectator, a play, etc., etc." But *studia in mores abeunt;* and year after year he is digging away tenaciously and purposefully at studies which communicate a masculine vigor to the mind; and he is reading, with instant application to his own future, authors that are still capable of putting a flame of ambition in a young man's vitals.

The breadth and humanity of an old-fashioned program of reading for the bar may be suggested by one of his entries at the age of twenty-three:

> Labor to get distinct ideas of law, right, wrong, justice, equity; search for them in your own mind, in Roman, Grecian, French, English treatises of natural, civil, common, statute law; aim at an exact knowledge of the nature, end, and means of government; compare the different forms of it with each other, and each of them with their effects on public and private happiness. Study Seneca, Cicero, and all other good moral writers; study Montesquieu, Bolingbroke, Vinnuis, &c., and all other good civil writers.

He enjoins it upon himself to observe the arts of popularity in the tavern, town-meeting, the training field, and the meeting-house, though it must be added that none of his line mastered these arts. He frequents the courts, converses with successful men, records a public-spirited act of Franklin's, and surmises after an hour's talk at Mayor Gardener's that "the design of Christianity was not to make men good riddle-solvers or good mystery-mongers but good men, good magistrates." After a bit of dawdling, he tells himself that "twenty-five years of the animal life is a great proportion to be spent to so little purpose." He vows to read twelve hours a day. He cries to himself: "Let love and vanity be extinguished, and the great passions of ambition, patriotism, break out and burn. Let little objects be neglected and forgot, and great ones engross, arouse, and exalt my soul." Such temper issued from that diet of lion's marrow, that energetic digestion of law and classical literature!

The only miraculous aspect of the variation effected in this generation was that such a man as John Adams should have found such a wife as Abigail Smith, a woman descended from the religious aristocrats of New England, and her husband's equal in heart and mind. Her descendants of the present day would say that predetermined lines of force —theological and legal—converged here to strengthen the social position of John and to insure the production of John Quincy; but that is not the way most men think of their wooing. Abigail had no formal schooling; yet, as "female" education went in those days, it mattered little. She was obviously the "product" of that family culture and social discipline which, at their best, render formal schooling almost superfluous. She had the gaiety of good breeding, the effusion of quick emotions, and that fundamental firmness of character which is developed by a consciousness that one was born in the right class. From books, from table-talk, from the men and women who frequented her home, not least from her lover, she had derived the views of the classical mid-eighteenth century, with just a premonitory flush of romantic enthusiasm; she had become familiar with public affairs; she had acquired the tone and carriage, she had breathed in the great spirit, of such a woman as Cato would have a Roman wife and mother.

Emerson cherished the thought of writing an American Plutarch. In such a book we should have a picture of Abigail managing her husband's estate in Braintree while he is at the Congress in Philadelphia—through pestilence, siege, battles, and famine-prices not venturing to ask a word of his return, lest she perturb a mind occupied with public business. We should have her reply at a later period to one who asked whether she would have consented to her husband's going to France, had she known that he was to be absent so long:

> I recollected myself a moment, and then spoke the real dictates of my heart. "If I had known, sir, that Mr. Adams could have effected what he has done, I would not only have submitted to the absence I have endured, painful as it has been, but I would not have opposed it, even though three years should be added to the number (which Heaven avert). I find a pleasure in being able to sacrifice my selfish passions to the general good and in imitating the example which has taught me to consider myself and family but as the small dust of the scale when compared with the great community."

We should see her called from her farm to be the first American lady at the English Court. We should remark that she finds the best manners in England in the home of the Bishop of St. Asaph, old friend of her adored Franklin, where, by the way, she meets those dangerous English radicals Priestley and Price. And with the warmth of fond native prejudice, we should adore her for writing home:

> Do you know that European birds have not half the melody of ours? Nor is their fruit half so sweet, nor their flowers half so fragrant, nor their manners half so pure, nor their people half so virtuous; *but keep this to yourself, or I shall be thought more than half deficient in understanding and taste.*

In the jargon of Brooks and Henry, as I have remarked, irresistible "lines of force" converge for the education of the second generation. More humanly speaking, the ambition of John, the tenderness and pride of Abigail, unite above the cradle of John Quincy, and most intelligently conspire to give him what he later was to recognize as "an unparalleled education." "It should be your care and mine," John writes to his wife, "to elevate the minds of our children, and exalt their courage, to accelerate and animate their industry and activity." It is the fashion nowadays to assert, against the evidence of history, that great men

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in their critical hours are unconscious of their greatness; but these Adamses assuredly knew what they were about. With the fullest recognition that her boy's father and his friends are living classics, she writes:

> Glory, my son, in a country which has given birth to characters, both in the civil and military departments, which may vie with the wisdom and valor of antiquity. As an immediate descendant of one of these characters, may you be led to that disinterested patriotism and that noble love of country which will teach you to despise wealth, pomp, and equipage as mere external advantages, which cannot add to the internal excellence of your mind, or compensate for the want of integrity and virtue.

Of course John Quincy was to use the "external advantages" which his mother a little hastily urged him to despise. By working twelve hours a day at the law, John Adams had raised the family from the ground up to a point at which he could give to the educational processes of his son a tremendous expansion and acceleration. At an age when John had been helping his father on the farm, from eleven to fourteen, John Quincy, son of the peace commissioner, was studying in Paris or Leyden, or travelling in Russia as private secretary to the American Envoy. He acquired history, diplomacy, geography as he acquired his French—by what we call in the case of the last, "the natural method." It cannot be too much emphasized that from the second, third, and fourth generations the family and its connections were in positions to provide a liberal education without resort to a university. Before John Quincy went to Harvard he had assisted in negotiating the treaty of peace between his country and Great Britain. The whole matter of external advantages may be summed up in a picture of the boy at the age of eleven returning from France in a ship with the French ambassador the Chevalier de la Luzerne, and his secretary M. Marbois, the three lying side by side on their cots and thus portrayed by the boy's proud father:

> The Ambassador reading out loud, in Blackstone's Discourse at his entrance on his Professorship of the Common Law at the University, and my son correcting the pronunciation of every word and syllable and letter. The Ambassador said he was astonished at my son's knowledge; that he was a master of his own tongue, like a professor. M. Marbois said, Your son teaches us more than you; he has *point de grâces, point d'éloges.*

Charles Francis II, who knew his grandfather only in his old age, says that he was not of a "holiday temperament"; but the diary of his life in Newburyport shows a fairly festive young Puritan, tempted like his father before him to frequent truancies from the law, reading "Tom Jones" and Rousseau's "Confessions," shooting, playing the flute, visiting, frequently dancing till three, occasionally drinking till dawn, and regretting it for three days afterward. His social position was secure, his experience and attainments already notable, his career marked out, the reflected glamour of paternal glory gratifying; perhaps he asked himself why he should not rest on his oars while his contemporaries were catching up. Such considerations may occur to an Adams, but they do not remain with him. His ambition widens with his culture. He begins on the verge of manhood to pant for distinction, bids farewell to the revellers, girds up his loins, and strikes into his pace.

John Quincy had found his stride when he wrote to his father from London, December 29, 1795:

> When I am clearly convinced that my duty commands me to act, if the love of ease, or the love of life, or the love of fame itself, dear as it is, could arrest my hand, or give me a moment's hesitation in the choice, I should certainly be fit for no situation of public trust whatever. . . . So much for the principle. But I may go a little further. The struggle against a popular clamor is not without its charms in my mind.

In the next year, following the example of John Wesley, he began rising at four o'clock; and so eager was his mind, so tireless his industry, so completely had he taken himself in hand that he rose not later than four-thirty for the next fifty years—fifty years spent almost without interruption in public service, fighting the Jacksonian democrats, fighting for internal improvements, fighting the extension of slavery, fighting for free speech till he sank in harness in his eighty-first year on the floor of the House of Representatives.

His training in law and diplomacy had fitted him for statesmanship, and as a statesman chiefly he lives. But Brooks Adams makes much of his philosophical temper and his talent for scientific investigation. For our purposes it is important also to note that he had a marked taste for literature, as the vast memoirs bear witness. In his old age he spoke of the "ecstasy of delight" with which he had heard a choir singing his version of the 65th Psalm as surpassing all the pleasure he had received in the whole course of his life from the praise of mortal men. His literary and his political aspirations were intimately associated. He had hoped that his diary would rank next to the Holy Scriptures as the record of one who "by the irresistible power of genius and the irrepressible energy of will and the favor of Almighty God" had "banished war and slavery from the face of the earth forever."

Charles Francis I, perhaps not the most ambitious of John Quincy's children, was the only one that survived him; he must therefore be our representative of the third generation. We may, however, pass lightly over him, because though an eminent, sturdy, and capable man he repeats in general the formative processes and the careers of his predecessors without any singular distinction or deviation from type. His richness of educational opportunity may be summarized by saying that he learned French at St. Petersburg, where his father was minister, spent several years at a school in England, passed through the Boston Latin School and Harvard, and studied law and observed public men from the White House in the administration of his father and in the palmy days of Jackson, Clay, and Webster. Possibly if the father had retired after his defeat for reëlection in 1828, Charles Francis might have felt more distinctly called to advance the Adams banner; but the almost immediate return of the ex-president, plunging into his long Congressional career, preëmpted the field. Charles went to Boston, engaged in business, served for several years in the legislature, was elected to Congress in 1859, and crowned his achievements in the period of the Civil War by staunchly and successfully representing the Union in his ministry to Great Britain.

Coming now to the representatives of the fourth generation who made their careers after the war, we confront once more the three Adonises who more or less darkly despair of the Republic and of the future of the Adams line; Henry, Brooks, and Charles Francis II. All three were bred in the traditions of the great family, inherited its culture and social advantages, became conscious of an obligation to distinguish themselves, strove to keep pace with the new nation which the war had created, and all three, rendering

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an account of their adventures, intimate a degree of failure and rail at their education as inadequately adapting them to their circumstances. As a matter of fact they fell short of the glory of their ancestors in that no one of them held public office of first-rate national importance. But on the other hand none of them really competed with his illustrious predecessors. Each of them developed marked variations from the ante-bellum type, in one case so marked as to constitute a new species. If the ancestral energy is degraded, it is none the less abundantly present in them all.

Charles Francis II, the least highly individualized of the trio, was the one who most conspicuously fell into the stride of the new industrial, expansive America. At his graduation from Harvard in 1856 he had discovered no remarkable aptitude—for which he blames his teachers—and so gravitated into a law office. At the outbreak of the war it slowly occurred to him to enlist; but once in, he enjoyed the hard athletic life, and developed a drill-master's pride in his company and in his regiment, at the head of which he rode into burning Richmond. His military duties disclosed to him his talent for organization, and also the disquieting fact that famous fighters and great organizers were frequently beneath his standard for gentlemen; Grant, for example, "was a man of coarse fibre, and did not impress with a sense of character." But the war had toughened his own fibre; and when it was over he turned to the study of railroads as the biggest enterprise of the new era, wrote his "Chapters of Erie," became a member of the Massachusetts Board of Railroad Commissioners, which was created largely through his instrumentality, and crowned his professional career with the presidency of the Union Pacific. He was perhaps the first Adams who looked West with any special interest. His flash of genius was divining the future importance of Kansas City. The business success on which he plumes himself is his organization of the Kansas City Stock Yards Company, which, under his forty-year headship, increased its capitalization from $100,000 to over ten millions, and earned annually above $1,200,000. He does not blush to declare that he also organized in Kansas City another enterprise which made in one year "twelve dividends of ten per cent each." The big business men, however, like the big generals, disappointed him socially: "Not one that I have ever known would I care to meet again, either in this world or the next." Having made, as the vulgar say, his "pile," this well-bred, energetic Massachusetts business man withdrew from the ungentlemanly world of business, moved from Quincy, the home of his ancestors, to Lincoln, because the former residence had become too "suburban"; and devoted his leisure to writing his memoirs, criticizing Harvard, and composing communications to the Massachusetts Historical Society. At the age of fifty-five he burned his diary, full till then with the expectation that he might accomplish something notable; and in his Autobiography, with the tang of the new Adams humility, he declares: "I now humbly thank fortune that I have almost got through life without making a conspicuous ass of myself."

Brooks Adams also set out as a lawyer, but he seems to have retired much earlier into authorship. His writing is less perspicuous and well-ordered than that of his brother Charles; but that is partly because he has more ideas and more difficult ones. Brooks is a restless-minded lawyer of a not unfamiliar type, who turns here and there for something "craggy" upon which to wreak his excess of mental energy; and so he becomes amateur-historian, amateur-economist, amateur-philosopher. The antiquarianism of historical societies is a bit too tame for his temper. Like his brother Henry, and indeed in collaboration with him, he seeks a law connecting phenomena, and in search of it ransacks history. He imagines and declares that he has made his mind passive to the lessons of facts and that his results are scientific; but the truth is that he is a dogmatic materialist, an infatuated mechanist, who, when he has formulated an hypothesis, sees nothing between earth and heaven and the first Adam and the last Adams but the proof of it.

Like his grandfather he finds a certain charm in an unpopular position. Sitting in the neighborhood of Plymouth Rock, he discovers that the scutcheon of his Puritan forefathers blushes with the blood of Quakers and Anabaptists; and in his "Emancipation of Massachusetts," Puritan as he is, he remorselessly prosecutes them as selfish and bloodthirsty hypocrites. Looking further into history, he concludes that the same indictment can be brought against all religious societies and organizations from the time of Moses down; for the facts constrain him to believe that the two master passions of man are Fear and Greed. If he refrains from censure, it is because he holds that mental as well as physical phenomena are determined as fatally as the earth moves round the sun. The examination of long periods of history impresses him with "the exceedingly small part played by conscious thought in moulding the fates of men." He applies the doctrine of manifest destiny in the most fatalistic sense to the Philippine Islands and to capitalistic society, which, however, seems to him on the point of disintegration into a condition from which it can only be revivified by an "infusion of barbarian blood."

Brooks attributes many of his views to Henry and undertakes to interpret him; but temperamentally he is not qualified to understand him. He admits indeed that there were crypts in his brother which he had never entered. Chief of these was the unfathomable crypt of his skepticism. By contact with Mill, Comte, Darwin, Spencer, all the Adamses of the fourth generation had been emancipated from their attenuated hereditary belief in a beneficent over-ruling Providence. But Charles Francis II and Brooks recommitted themselves without reservation to the overweening positivism of mid-century "scientific" philosophy. Henry alone refuses to surrender. A wily, experienced wrestler, returning again and again to grapple with the Time-Spirit, at the end of each bout he eludes the adversary; and at the moment one expects to see him thrown, suddenly he has vanished, he has fled through centuries falling about him like autumn leaves, and from somewhere in the Middle Ages, near some old shrine of the Virgin, one hears the sound of mocking laughter. It is the free spirit, eternally seeking.

Henry was, I think, a great man and the only great Adams of his generation. All the other Adamses had been men of action tinctured with letters. Henry alone definitely renounced action and turned the full current of the ancestral energy to letters. By so doing he established a new standard of achievement for the Adams line; and in consequence, of course, for the rest of us. Up to the time of the Civil War there had been for them but one field of glory, the political arena, and one standard of achievement, national administration. After the war Charles Francis II tried to be great in "big business," but in the Adams sense "failed" because his culture was of no use there. Brooks tried for greatness in naturalistic philosophy, but found that his creed ignobly reduced all heroes to automata. But Henry, without other-

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wise committing himself, sought to comprehend and to represent his world, and he achieved greatness. Like yet unlike his ancestors who were painted by Copley and Stuart, he is in the grand style.

"The Education of Henry Adams" marks with precision the hour when its author became conscious of his variation. It was in England, towards the close of the war, where as secretary to his father he had exhausted all the excitements of the diplomatic "game," and London society had begun to pall, and loitering in Italy had ceased to charm, yet he was collecting bric-à-brac and sketches by the old masters and becoming attached to his habits and his hansom cabs, and was in a fair way to become one of those dilettantish, blasé young Americans of the period whom Henry James has preserved like pressed flowers for posterity. It was after Sir Charles Lyell and the evolutionists had set him off on a new quest for a "father"—it mattered not, he said, "whether the father breathed through lungs, or walked on fins, or on feet." It was in that summer hour, characteristically marked by him with its picturesque accessories, when he had wandered to Wenlock Edge in Shropshire, and, throwing himself on the grass where he could look across the Marches to the mountains of Wales, thus meditated on the new theory:

> Natural selection seemed a dogma to be put in the place of the Athanasian creed; it was a form of religious hope; a promise of ultimate perfection. Adams wished no better; he warmly sympathized in the object; but when he came to ask himself what he truly thought, he felt that he had no Faith; that whenever the next new hobby should be brought out, he should surely drop off Darwinism like a monkey from a perch; that the idea of one Form, Law, Order, or Sequence had no more value for him than the idea of none; that what he valued most was Motion, and that what attracted his mind was Change. . . . Henry Adams was the first in an infinite series to discover and admit to himself that he really did not care whether truth was, or was not, true. He did not even care that it should be proved true, unless the process were new and amusing. He was a Darwinian for fun.

From that moment, literature was the one career for Henry, and all his overtures were failures till he discovered it. He returned to America, indeed, with the Emersonian resolution that "the current of his time was to be his current, lead where it might." He went to Washington, as a member of the governing class should do, and while waiting for an opportunity to serve the incoming administration of Grant, offered himself on long argumentative walks as the anvil for Sumner's hammer. The announcement of Grant's cabinet, however, as he explains the matter, closed for him the door of political opportunity. A revolution had taken place which had made him appear "an estray of the fifties, a belated reveller, a scholar-gipsy." Coal, iron, and steam had supplanted agriculture, hand-work, and learning. "His world was dead. Not a Polish Jew fresh from Warsaw or Cracow—not a furtive Yacoob or Ysaac—but had a keener instinct, an intenser energy and a freer hand than he—American of Americans, with Heaven knew how many Puritans and Patriots behind him, and an education that had cost a civil war." And so Henry drifted into his antiquarian professorship at Harvard, cut loose from that and wrote his great history of Jefferson and Madison, and only returned to Washington to watch the spectacle, and to sit in his windows with John Hay, laughing at Presidents, and mocking the runner's heat.

Where was the bold energy of the first and second Adams that broke down barred doors of opportunity and found a "charm" in contending against a powerful opposition? Transmuted by the accumulated culture of the Adams family education, not wasted. The mockery and the pervasive irony, so seductive in the "Autobiography," spring from no sense of essentially depleted energy in the author; on the contrary they have their origin in a really exuberant sense of spiritual superiority. Adams after Adams has seen himself outshone, in the popular estimate, by vulgar "democratical" men, by rising men of the "people," whom he has half or wholly despised—by Franklin, by Paine, by Jefferson, by Jackson, by Lincoln, by Grant. But when John Quincy was defeated by Jackson, though he thought God had abandoned America, he felt himself still high priest. And though Henry thought the progress of evolution from Washington to Grant sufficient to upset Darwin, and though he regarded Grant as a man who should have lived in a cave and worn skins, he reinstated Darwin in the next breath; for he would not have changed places with Washington; he regarded Washington himself as but a cave man in comparison with Henry Adams! In revulsion from a world bent on making twelve dividends of ten per cent in a year and spending them for it knew not what, the Adams energy in him had been diverted to the production of a human measure of civilization; to a register of the value of art and social life and manners and those other by-products of coal and iron which the Philistines of every age rate as superfluous things; to a search finally, to an inquiry all the way from Kelvin to the Virgin of Chartres, for some principle of Unity, for some overarching splendor to illumine the gray twilight of an industrial democracy. He did not find it, but the quest was glorious.

Henry Adams was an egotist. Granted. But what an egotist! Not since Byron

> bore
> With haughty scorn which mock'd the smart
> Through Europe to the Ætolian shore
> The pageant of his bleeding heart——

not since the days of "Childe Harold" have we had so superb an egotist in literature, so splendidly in revolt, so masterly in self-portraiture, so romantically posed among the lights and shadows of history, against the ruins of time. Let us forget and forgive the unfeeling cynic who inquired "If a Congressman is a hog, what is a Senator?" Let us remember the poet who felt the "overpowering beauty and sweetness of the Maryland autumn" and the "intermixture of delicate grace and passionate depravity that marked the Maryland May." Let us fix our gaze on the Pilgrim receiving the news of the blowing up of the Maine as he watches the sun set across the Nile at Assouan:

> One leant on a fragment of column in the great hall at Karnak and watched a jackal creep down the débris of ruin. The jackal's ancestors had surely crept up the same wall when it was building. What was his view about the value of silence? One lay in the sands and watched the expression of the Sphinx. Brooks Adams had taught him that the relation between civilizations was that of trade. Henry wandered, or was storm-driven, down the coast. He tried to trace out the ancient harbor of Ephesus. He went over to Athens, picked up Rockhill, and searched for the harbor of Tiryns; together they went on to Constantinople and studied the great walls of Constantine and the greater domes of Justinian. *His hobby had turned into a camel, and he hoped, if he rode long enough in silence, that at last he might come on a city of thought along the great highways of exchange.*

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The Great Chief Justice

The Life of John Marshall. By Albert J. Beveridge. Volumes III and IV. Houghton Mifflin Co.

John Marshall and the Constitution. By Edward S. Corwin. (The Chronicles of America). The Yale University Press.

BY sheer force of intellect John Marshall became one of the dominating figures in American history. Though he sat in the seats of the mighty, he did not sit alone. After 1812 only one of his Federalist colleagues remained. Not by a packed Supreme Court was Federalist doctrine promulgated for three and a half decades after John Adams left Washington without bidding a proper goodbye to Jefferson. It was the individual force of John Marshall that kept the Supreme Court the stronghold of Federalism long after its power was gone elsewhere. Now and then some of Marshall's juniors dissented; but for the most part they acquiesced in his leadership and left him the sole mouthpiece of the court. To Jefferson the court was "a subtle corps of sappers and miners constantly working underground to undermine our confederated fabric." Marshall's ascendency over his colleagues he petulantly described by saying: "An opinion is huddled up in conclave, perhaps by a majority of one, delivered as if unanimous, and with the silent acquiescence of lazy or timid associates, by a crafty chief judge, who sophisticates the law to his own mind by the turn of his own reasoning." In admiration and dismay John Randolph said of Marshall's opinions: "All wrong, all wrong, but no man in the United States can tell why or wherein."

For nearly a century Marshall has waited for an adequate biographer. The appearance of Mr. Beveridge's first two volumes in 1916 promised that he was to fill the gap so that there would be no room for a greater to come after him. The two concluding volumes, which cover the thirty-five years from Marshall's accession to the bench until his death, keep the promise to the full. The only story of Marshall that remains to be written is the one that Mr. Beveridge intentionally left untold. "Care," he says, "has been taken to avoid making any part of the 'Life of John Marshall' a legal treatise." This does not mean that Marshall's great judicial opinions have been slighted. The greater part of the two concluding volumes is concerned with them. But they are considered, not for their technical reasoning or their permanent influence upon the development of the Constitution, but for their bearing on the political issues of the days when they were delivered. Mr. Beveridge breaks them into fragments and relates their reasoning and their rhetoric, bit by bit, to what was being said on the hustings, in the press, in Congress, and in the private correspondence of the time. For Marshall, the Supreme Court was a forum in which to give majestic answers to the particularistic views which Jefferson and his followers were publishing in other places. To those who have looked at Marshall's opinions primarily as interpretations of a written instrument, Mr. Beveridge's arrangement and annotation will bring a shock of surprise. It may be that he over-emphasizes their political aspect. But Marshall's function was necessarily a political one, at least in Aristotle's sense of politics. He was rearing a superstructure on foundations so broadly laid by the Fathers that they would support edifices of widely varying architecture. New wings and turrets are still being added by his successors by votes of five to four. Those who profess to think of the parchment signed at Philadelphia as a charter that clearly fixed the channels in which government was to run must give pause when they learn from Mr. Beveridge of the determining influence of Marshall on its early course.

Professor Corwin's volume is in no sense a rival of Mr. Beveridge's monumental work. It is, indeed, almost a necessary complement. For the ex-Senator crowds his pages so hard with details of the political, social, and economic life of the period that sometimes the Chief Justice is somewhat submerged. All that is given is valuable, and one would not ask for less. We understand better why the Federalists were so hated when we read of some of the things they did. We see why local feeling was so strong, and can sympathize with the frontiersmen who preferred to run their own affairs. We get a fairer picture of Jefferson than Henry Adams has drawn. We appreciate how far Marshall was ahead of his time and are the more grateful that John Adams in the twilight of his administration picked him for a place of permanent power. But for all this that we would not lose, we pay the price of missing a clear relief of Marshall when we lay the volumes down. Mr. Corwin, on the contrary, gives us a compact and vivid picture of the man and his work. He neglects minutiæ and traces only the essential lines. His sketch shows a masterful man of firm convictions in all that related to public affairs, but a very human and likable person among his friends and neighbors. Mr. Corwin and Mr. Beveridge differ but little in their interpretations of Marshall, except with respect to his action in the trial of Aaron Burr. Whether Marshall twisted his earlier interpretation of treason in order to disappoint Jefferson's ambition for the conviction of Burr is important in the story of the conflict between these two Virginia cousins, but the definition of treason is no longer of great significance when unpopular acts and words can be punished as we will under other names.

Marshall's peculiar strength, as Mr. Corwin well says, lay in his "notable qualities as a judicial stylist" and his recourse to the broadest grounds of decision as weapons "by whose broad strokes was hewn the highroad of a national destiny." The great Chief Justice was content with no such restricted audience as lawyers looking for precise precedents. "He refused to regard his office merely as a judicial tribunal; it was a platform from which to promulgate sound constitutional principles, the very cathedra indeed of constitutional orthodoxy." Marshall may well be called a great constitutional preacher. Undoubtedly his lack of learning and his skill in argument and expression naturally inclined him to such a rôle. He was spurred, too, by the prevalence of heresy around him. There were many sinners to be brought to repentance. The natural urge to testify may well have been augmented by the belief that repeated professions of faith would promote the reception of the gospel in days to come, even if at the time the seed fell on stony ground. This belief has been abundantly justified, but not till long after Marshall's death. In the closing years of his life, Andrew Jackson cast deeper shadows than ever Jefferson had done. Marshall's letters to Story in the thirties are filled with gloomy forebodings which events were soon to justify. Not until the expansion of national power after the Civil War did Marshall really come into his own. Most of his partitions of power between the States and the Nation have stood the test of time. He meets with criticism today only for the protection he gave to private interests against the would-be Indian givers among the legislatures of the States.

Both biographers hold that "Fletcher v. Peck" and the Dartmouth College case were wise in their generation; and for the evil that lived after them, both place the responsibility on improvident or corrupt legislatures. Both show how thoroughly ingrained was Marshall's predilection for the security of property interests from legislative assaults. Mr. Beveridge suggests that Marshall's interest in the Fairfax purchase may have influenced his attitude on constitutional questions, and Mr. Corwin remarks, without clearly intended irony, that the purchase may possibly have contributed "not a little to keep alert his natural sympathy for all victims of legislative oppression." Yet both authors, in dealing with the land litigation which came before Marshall and his colleagues, seem to fear to tread where Gustavus Myers has rushed in. The details and results of that litigation are outside the scope of Mr. Corwin's sketch, but Mr. Beveridge's neglect even to mention Mr. Myers's burrowings is out of keeping with his otherwise exhaustive array of everything that bears even remotely on the work of the judi-

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ciary and the impression it made on critics as well as on admirers. Mr. Beveridge presents Marshall's economic and political philosophy so completely in the chapter on The Supreme Conservative, and indeed throughout his entire four volumes, that nothing else is needed to explain his views. But the account of Mr. Myers, jaundiced though it is, contains allegations too important to be passed over in silence in any biography of Marshall that seeks to be complete. We need an accurate appraisal of these allegations, not to throw more light on Marshall, but to assess the influence of him and his colleagues on the economic development in which their office made them play a part. The bias from which the land litigation has been dealt with by Mr. Myers makes it all the more important to have it treated from a different point of view.

No summary can do justice to Mr. Beveridge's really great biography. Though it outdoes a doctor's dissertation in footnotes, it is never dull; it is nearly always dramatic. As Thomas Hardy blends the landscape with his characters, so Mr. Beveridge deals with early nineteenth-century America and Marshall. The environment is more than background. It wrestles with the man. In spite of frequent panegyric and a leaning to Marshall's side in nearly every struggle, Mr. Beveridge does not drape his hero's defects. After Marshall had been proposed for the presidency in a Federalist paper, he wrote a private letter to Senator Smith which aligned him with those who were against the war with England then going on (IV, 31-40). In an earlier letter to Judge Chase, he suggested the legislative recall of judicial decisions as an antidote for the legislative recall of judges then threatened through the process of impeachment. "A reversal of those legal opinions deemed unsound by the legislature," he said, "would certainly better comport with the mildness of our character than a removal of the Judge who has rendered them unknowing of his fault" (III, 177). Marshall's bills for wine were far from small. He was negligent in his dress. "He was a Unitarian in belief and therefore never became a member of the Episcopal church, to which his parents, wife, children, and all other relatives belonged" (IV, 69). Even worse, "no man, except his kinsman, Thomas Jefferson, cherished a prejudice more fondly than he" (IV, 2). But Marshall's prejudices were not many, and they were cherished with consummate art. His friends and neighbors loved him. And he helped mightily to build a nation.

THOMAS REED POWELL.

Gambetta

Gambetta. By Paul Deschanel. Paris: Hachette.

M. DESCHANEL, for many years President of the Chamber of Deputies and recently elected President of the French Republic, has long since attained distinction as a man of letters. He is an academician, with a score of books to his credit, two of which ("Orateurs et hommes d'état," 1880; "Figures de femmes," 1889) have been crowned by the Academy. A proper person he was, therefore, for M. Batiffol to choose as the author of a life of Gambetta for the series of biographies, "Figures du passé," of which M. Batiffol is the editor. In spite of his many duties, M. Deschanel felt that he could not decline this honor; and, as the editor wished the publication to coincide with the signature of peace, the process of composition obviously could not be always at the mercy of a leisurely research. "I have written these pages," the author says, "in the rare leisure which the Chamber has left me, thus living, in some measure, through both wars at the same time."

The book shows less evidence of this double life on the part of the author than one might expect. No doubt we are to understand that France, symbolized in Gambetta, labored heroically to prevent the loss of Alsace and Lorraine; that France, symbolized in Gambetta, has never for a moment forgotten her lost children; that France, symbolized in Gambetta, has at last achieved what she has with unclouded vision so long been preparing herself to achieve. "Parce qu'il a résisté en 1870, la France a pu garder l'estime du monde et d'elle-même, son rang dans la famille humaine, se relever et remplir le destin qu'il rêvait pour elle." There is much in the history of the Third Republic that seems not to fit nicely into this, or any, scheme of dramatic unity; and it may be that the Great War has enabled M. Deschanel to give form and meaning to events which, at the time and to contemporaries, had all the appearance of being uninspired. But this note is not greatly obtruded; and, apart from a few questionable statements apropos of Germany and Alsace-Lorraine, the book is substantially what it would have been if written before 1914—that is to say, an admirably well-informed, well-constructed, and convincing account of the public life of Gambetta and of the political history of the times in which he played his part.

The first part of the book is more convincing than the last. This is partly due to the fact that the historical setting is more manageable, at least it is more effectively sketched in; but it is also due to the fact that until the end of the war of 1870 Gambetta presents a much simpler problem than afterwards. Half Italian and half Gascon, Gambetta had the qualities of a great leader of men. His rise was rapid, his services during the war of 1870 were immense, his popularity, at the close of it, unrivalled. He was then thirty-three years of age, a heaven-born orator, a man of boundless energy, of profound faith in democracy, of warm human sympathies, devoted to *la patrie* with a kind of religious fervor. Yet with many qualities that make the doctrinaire in politics, Gambetta was no doctrinaire; he had that rare combination of warm heart and cool head, of generous emotions and practical intelligence, which made him much the wisest leader of his generation. The founding of the Republic, in some measure the realization of his early dreams, should have opened the way to great achievements. Yet it was not to be. During the dozen years following 1870 he was an important, but by no means a dominating influence. He helped to make the Constitution; but it is too much to say that without him it would not have been made. On certain critical occasions, as for example on the 16th May, with his famous *se soumettre ou se démettre*, he played a decisive rôle; but for the most part he occupied a secondary position as President of the Chamber, and when he finally accepted office, the "Grand Ministry," which was to do such great things, endured precisely seventy-three days.

M. Deschanel does something, but not enough, to explain this relative failure of Gambetta. One feels that the biographer is a little on the defensive, endeavoring to convince us that we have still before us the same Gambetta, whose influence is only less apparent and not less real. He wishes us to understand that if the Republic endured, preparing itself for the great crisis of 1914, it owes this happy result mainly to Gambetta and his *politique pratique, efficace.* The truth is, probably, that Gambetta's policy was too practical, too efficacious, for his generation. He could make little headway, in the disillusioned France of the seventies and eighties, against the bitter and futile factional diversions, the cynical corruption, the irritability of a humiliated and disintegrated nation. Gambetta could not lead the nation, or even the republicans, because that vision of the "destiny" which France was to fulfil and which now seems so clear to M. Deschanel, seemed to contemporaries no more than the stuff that dreams are made of.

In spite of M. Deschanel, it seems that Gambetta was not untouched by the general disillusionment. In the Gambetta of the Grand Ministry we miss something of the democratic faith, something of the buoyant optimism, which inspired the Gambetta who turned the *procès Baudin* into the *procès de l'Empire.* When he formed the Grand Ministry, he knew that great things were expected of him; he had little hope of accomplishing these great things. In his fine plea for the support of all the friends of the Republic against all its enemies in behalf of a policy that

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should be at once national and European, he placed his finger on the chief difficulty. "I have shared with you," he said, "the heat and dust of the battle against the adversaries of the Republic, whom I have fought, not because of their persons, but because of their doctrines. . . . Messieurs, we are now freed from our enemies; it remains for us to govern ourselves, to contend against the incessant causes of division which beset us, to banish preoccupations with persons in order that we may see only the country." The Chamber applauded the orator, but it voted him out of office.

And indeed what chance was there, as Joseph Reinach says, of getting a truly national and republican policy adopted by "the financial stock-jobbers in politics, and a whole collection of envious and jealous mediocrities? Could a Wilson understand it? Or a Clemenceau? Or an Andrieu?" Gambetta knew the difficulties at least. On the day of his fall he wrote: "Voilà bien la date prévue et bénie pour la déliverance! Je la saluais dans mon cœur, la date libératrice!"—the day of deliverance from dealing with a Chamber of "sub-veterinarians," as he once defined it in a moment of disgust. Had he lived, his day might have come; but he would have had to wait many weary years for it.

CARL BECKER

South

South. The Story of Shackleton's Last Expedition, 1914-1917. By Sir Ernest Shackleton. The Macmillan Company.

IT is now almost a hundred years since James Weddell of the British Royal Navy made the first entrance (1822-24) into the icy sub-Antarctic seas. Then (1840) came d'Urville. And at the same moment Wilkes, of the American Navy, in the leaky vessels supplied him, made the now famous skirmish along the Antarctic coast, which since has aroused much discussion. All these explorers produced books of immense value, and of late years the number of excellent books on efforts to elucidate the mysteries of this doubly forbidding region have multiplied. Had Sir Ernest Shackleton succeeded in executing his original plans more now would be known about the geography of this vast frigid desert, but the world would have missed one of the most interesting additions to the literature of exploration. In time the geography will be taken care of, but so fortunate a combination of intellect and circumstance as made this absorbing volume possible may never again come to pass.

Shackleton's proposed land journey would have been about 1,800 miles in length, requiring an estimated 120 days to accomplish. The start was to be on the coast which lies immediately opposite the point where Scott and Shackleton had previously entered on the quest for the pole. A direct continuation of the line they travelled would strike very near the proposed starting point of Shackleton on this expedition. About half the route, therefore, was known. The ship Endurance, which was to place him at the appointed spot, was extra well built and well equipped. She left London August 1, 1914; next day at Margate, Shackleton, learning of the outbreak of war, placed his outfit by wire at the disposal of the Admiralty. He received thanks with instructions to proceed with his appointed task, and so it was that this party knew no more about the war for two years.

Steaming to South Georgia, the last port of civilization in the Antarctic, the Endurance on December 5, 1914, headed from there towards the eternal ice. Ploughing into it they arrived near land by the middle of January—the very land whence Shackleton intended to seek a starting foothold. He was watching for possible landing places as far south as could be. Only slopes of ice were to be seen, rising to a height of not less than 5,000 feet in the interior. The sea ice was so dense that the ship's progress was presently impossible. For about two months, from January 18, when she was first beset, she was within some fifty miles of the coast; several times even nearer. It is a matter for wonder that Sir Ernest did not relay his supplies during this time by his dog-sledges across to the main, establish his base, and letting the Endurance go on with her crew, prepare for his land journey. Certainly it was not timidity that caused him to refrain, for he is deficient in nothing that makes for the highest kind of leadership. Indomitable courage is his fundamental quality. The ship was turned into winter quarters, fires were drawn, and the great drift northward through, or rather with, the vast ice pack that is crowded into the bight of Weddell Sea by the northeasterly gales, proceeded. In seventy-one days they had made ninety-five miles. There were plenty of seals and penguins, and many were captured. Of seal meat 5,000 pounds were secured. Stefansson has shown that where there are seals man can subsist indefinitely.

The icebergs on the horizon never changed their relative position, indicating that the surface of the entire sea was in movement. There were many and constant noises; rumblings, snappings, groanings, and grindings. Ice ridges were thrust up and there were constant evidences of the mighty pressure that was stirring through the vast expanse of ice. "Standing on the ice," says Shackleton, "one can imagine it is disturbed by the breathing and tossing of a mighty giant below." The decks shuddered and jumped; the ship was forced ahead, astern, and sidewise at times.

It seemed as if she would never float again, but after eight months she was actually afloat in an open pool. The engines were tried and found to work well. Things began to look hopeful. Then the ice closed with such fearful power that the poor Endurance was literally pulverized. On the 281st day of the drift (October 27) she was a pitiful wreck, and on November 15, 1915, a demolished cripple, the white enemy obliterated her. "We were helpless intruders in a strange world, our lives dependent on the play of grim elementary forces that made a mock of our puny efforts."

Supplies had been transferred to the surface of the ice, to "Ocean Camp," where a plan was made to travel over the ice to Paulet Island, about latitude 63° 30′ and almost due north, but a few days' trial put an end to this hope. A new camp was established for the indefinite drift on the ice which now was perceived to be the only way out; and at "Patience Camp" they settled down to make the best of it. The drift, fortunately, was steadily north toward Paulet Island, where Shackleton knew there was a cache of stores, as he had been in command of a former relief party which had placed them there. On March 5 they were only about forty miles south of the latitude of this island (the book says south of the longitude!) but well to the east of it. On March 17 they were on the same parallel sixty miles to the east with no chance of getting over.

On, northward, they passed on this giant ice ship. April 17 brought the peaks of Clarence Island into view and the same day they saw Elephant Island. Both of these islands are at the northern extremity of Graham Land, which, all this time, was on their west some two or three hundred miles off. As they neared the outer edge of the immense floe of Weddell Sea, the ice began to break up, adding new peril to their situation. "The floe had become our home and during the early months of the drift we had almost ceased to realize that it was but a sheet of ice floating on unfathomed seas. Now our home was being shattered under our feet and we had a sense of loss and incompleteness hard to describe." All unnecessary things were discarded. The three boats were launched and they pulled away for Elephant Island. After many difficulties the middle of April, 1916, found them established on this barren island with a precarious hold. The dogs had been killed and eaten on the long drift. Food was scarce. Now seals and sea-elephants again were obtained and this not only relieved the hunger strain, but it obviated scurvy.

If they had known how to build Eskimo snow houses they could now have made themselves comfortable as Peary and Stefansson continually had done in even lower temperatures.

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Two Eskimos would have made snow houses for the entire party in a few hours. Digging into the snow bank did not prove successful, and a house was made by erecting a low wall of stones upon which two of the three boats were placed upside down. In this house twenty-two men lived while Sir Ernest with three others sailed away for South Georgia in the third boat, the James Caird, decked over with old box covers. This 800-mile voyage across the most tempestuous ocean in the world is one of the most extraordinary on record, and Shackleton tells the story graphically. It was only good seamanship that enabled them to weather the cyclopean waves and finally effect a landing on the island they sought—but on the wrong side. It was still necessary to cross miles of glaciers and high mountains to the whaling station—a quite superhuman effort of thirty-six hours. At last, almost dead, the three men (one man had remained with the boat) found themselves within sight of the comfortable buildings they were aiming for, with nothing remaining of the superb equipment of their start on December 5, 1914, but an adze, an old can, and their wet clothes.

In closing this chapter Shackleton makes an extraordinary statement: "I know that during that long and racking march of thirty-six hours, over the unnamed mountains and glaciers of South Georgia, it seemed to me often that we were four, not three. I said nothing to my companions on this point but afterwards Worsley said to me, 'Boss, I had a curious feeling on the march that there was another person with us.' Crean confessed to the same idea. One feels 'the dearth of human words, the roughness of mortal speech' in trying to describe things intangible, but a record of our journey would be incomplete without a reference to a subject very near to our hearts."

Four attempts were made as quickly as possible to rescue the men on Elephant Island. On the fourth attempt Shackleton had the joy of succeeding with the frailest kind of a craft for ice-work; the steel-built Chilian tug, Yelcho. By quick work the men were taken off in an hour when the tug finally arrived, and with her utmost speed she ran north out of the ice region.

The entire book is a new revelation of the intelligence and endurance of man, revealing once again the reason why he has been able to continue existence in an ever-changing world.

FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH

Ludendorff's Apology

Ludendorff's Own Story. By Erich von Ludendorff. Harper and Brothers.

WHEN the bitterness of these days has passed historians will very likely classify Ludendorff as first among the military geniuses of his time. But his "Own Story" will have importance principally because of certain sidelights it casts upon his motives and psychology. It is not written in popular style, although probably so intended, and it is not written in such a way as to satisfy the technical student of war. But we could hardly expect more than we have received from a man exhausted by the terrible strain of four years of the most stupendous work and responsibility, during a large part of which his acumen told him he was probably struggling in a lost cause, against forces which he could not overcome, finally to see his country encounter a dreadful fate for which he would in large part be blamed. Ludendorff's book is in fact an excuse and an apology, not indeed for Germany, but for Ludendorff himself. He makes it quite clear that he feels Germany more or less deserves her fate, so supine was she and so negligent of his advice.

Ludendorff's principal complaint against the political and constitutional leaders of Germany is directed toward the absence both at home and abroad of effective propaganda and counter-propaganda, designed, of course, to sustain morale in the homes and armies of Germany, to destroy enemy morale, and to maintain friendly feeling on the part of neutrals. Apparently the only effective propaganda undertaken by Germany was against the stability of the Russian government in 1917. He explains with admiration and always without reproach the splendid British organization for propaganda under Lord Beaverbrook, "with three directors, of whom Lord Northcliffe attended to the enemy countries, Kipling to home propaganda, and Lord Rothermere to the work in neutral countries. . . . The expressed aim of the American and British propaganda became ever more and more the achievement of an internal revolution in Germany."

It is not necessary for Ludendorff to point out to Americans the failure of German propaganda in neutral countries. Certainly German propaganda in America before we entered the war was not merely ineffective; it proved a veritable boomerang to the German cause. Experts will study why this was true and it is interesting to speculate whether they will conclude that lack of skill and energy in German as compared with Allied propaganda had anything to do with it, or whether the case for Germany was inherently so bad that her efforts must necessarily be unavailing.

Ludendorff assumes a general acceptance of the view that, from 1916 on, Hindenburg was the figurehead and himself the genius and the power. Those indeed were the facts, and that is the way with modern war. The Japanese were largely assisted to beat Russia in Manchuria in 1905 by the circumstance that Kuropatkin was obliged to combine the two rôles, while the Japanese pushed out in front Oyama, the exalted noble and elder of whom no one could display jealousy, the skilful Kodama behind the screen meantime furnishing the motive power. The wonder is that the Kaiser, like the Czar, did not constitute himself the military figurehead, or rather, perhaps, that having occupied that position at the beginning of hostilities, he ever became willing to surrender it. The fact that Hindenburg was pushed to the front is evidence that the Kaiser saw the handwriting of failure upon the wall, or perhaps indicates that the Kaiser's popularity was already recognized to be waning and that an idol had to be constituted of some other kind of clay.

With singular regularity the pendulum of success during the war swung from side to side. 1914, despite the over-running of Belgium, the occupation of Northern France by the Germans, and the defeat of the Russians at Tannenberg, was, on the whole, most favorable to the Allies, who overturned the Schlieffen plan of campaign when they saved Paris at the Marne and the Channel ports at the first battle of Flanders, and at the same time in the East overran Galicia and the Bukovina and stopped Hindenburg's attempts upon Warsaw.

1915 was a German year, and principally through the activities of Hindenburg, Ludendorff and Mackensen in driving the Russians from Poland, Galicia, and Bukovina and well back of their second line of defense passing through Brest-Litovsk. 1915 also witnessed the Gallipoli disaster, certain "nibbling operations," so discouraging to the Allies upon the Western front, and the over-running of Serbia.

1916 declared itself for the Allies. Verdun was a great moral victory for France. The battle of the Somme warned the Germans of the extent of England's efforts and shook their confidence in final victory. The Brusilov drive revealed unsuspected powers of recuperation in Russia. Nothing but the taking of Bucharest occurred during this year to cheer the Central Powers, and after all most of the Rumanian army remained in being.

1917 again was German, even though it witnessed the entry of the United States into the war, for it witnessed also the Russian revolution and the gradual expiration of Russia as a belligerent power. In this process German propaganda was an important element. In the East this year was marked by a very successful German counter-offensive following the weak effort of Kerensky to demonstrate that the Russian army could make war without discipline, which is the cement of an army; and by successful German operations against Riga and vicinity. We have it from Ludendorff, however, that military operations against the Russians were held back during a part of this year

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lest they stir the Russians up into a fighting mood again. 1917, too, marked the great defeat of the Italians known as Caporetto, which threatened for a time to drive Italy out of the war.

The spring of 1918 witnessed the mighty German offensives which were planned to win the war. We can never forget them, and if they failed we know it is at once because Germany's allies were breaking down and because the German rear no longer efficiently supported the front, but most of all because of the unbelievable numbers of Americans delivered overseas during the very months of the German drives. Ludendorff knew there was no longer a chance of victory or of a draw when Foch let loose his forces south of Soissons on the morning of July 18, 1918. Thereafter the civil authorities moved toward a peace all too slowly for him. He would have us infer that a peace of the character that eventuated might have been refused and the Entente frightened into better terms. He will hardly believe this when he has had more time to recover his equanimity.

Ludendorff does not display in his book a fondness for discussing the strategy of pre-war statesmanship or he would have been unable to refrain from pointing out the effect on Germany's position in peace and war of her naval policy, as followed for a long period of years before the war began. Indeed he speaks but little of naval strategy. What does he think of the circumstance that the upbuilding of the German Navy in the first place made Great Britain Germany's certain enemy? And what does he think of Germany's neglect of the general rule that lesser navies are but concentrated national wealth and power in bundles convenient for destruction? Perhaps it is not because he has no ideas that he longs to express upon this subject, but because to lay upon German navalism what belongs there is in effect to blame the Kaiser, who was the German Navy's greatest champion, and Ludendorff is still too well disciplined to cast blame upon his war-lord. We should like to read what some German strategist of Ludendorff's rank might have frankly to say regarding Admiral Mahan and the sad influence of his theories upon German history.

X. Y. Z.

Metaphysical Salvation

Studies in Contemporary Metaphysics. By R. F. Alfred Hoernlé, Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

A BOOK with a beginning, a middle, and an end, in the Aristotelian sense, the parts being non-transposable without loss of effect, is all too modestly described by its author as "chips from a metaphysician's workshop." The deprecation overdoes the fact, if not the author's sense, of what he has done. This is doubtless a virtue of the man; for the consecutiveness and system of the group of essays, written on several occasions, which form themselves into Professor Hoernlé's "Studies" ought surely to be accredited to the amalgamation of the philosopher with the author, since it is the very heart of his metaphysics to demand and to discover consecutiveness and system in all things.

The volume begins with a defense of philosophy, called Prologue, the sane essence of which is that the justification of philosophy is philosophizing, or, in the historical mode, philosophers. There is nothing inhuman about the quest for that wisdom which man congenitally desires, and of which the mode is—as it were, by a rubbing of our speculative eyes—just the effort to discern in the motley of experience more of a pattern than is hastily obvious: it is the natural endeavor to satisfy this *appetitus intellectualis* which *is* philosophy, and, incidentally, the guarantee of the perpetuation of the philosopher's kind among his fellows.

Beyond the prologue come two attractive captions—The Idol of Scientific Method and Philosophy of Nature at the Cross-Roads—which are the banners that guide a valiant and effective onslaught upon the un-allied forces generalled respectively by John Dewey and Bertrand Russell. The first of these objurgates, as illusory, the pursuit of any knowledge which is not instrumental to good other than itself; the second despises (with an all too passionate despisal) whatso of knowledge is good for anything beyond itself. Each, thinks Mr. Hoernlé, gets his valuation of knowledge, more or less unconsciously perhaps, from his valuation of the method by which he seeks to obtain it: and Mr. Hoernlé himself rallies to the ideal of a steady and whole equation of values as the proper foundation of sound philosophizing in the same sense in which it is the proper foundation of sound living. Against the instrumentalist, with his eye to a moral event, he moralizingly proclaims: "The supreme lesson, surely, is this that it does not lie within the power of man to make the world once and for all 'safe' for his ideals"; while to the fine superiority of the self-conscious rationalist he retorts with the wise observation that "to talk of hopes and fears as the enemies of truth is itself misleading": an assumption of indifference (the schooled impartiality of science) is not only a stripe of intolerance, it is an assumption of character, fictive, histrionic. There is many a neat turn in the retort; it is good reading.

Having put the preliminaries in the clear, Professor Hoernlé proceeds, in six sequential chapters, to develop his own mode of "saving the appearances" of this muddled world. As with a metaphysician it should be, his first concern is for his tool—human speech; and he acutely points out the futility of talking about "facts" unless we are talking about something; there are no such parts of speech as mere demonstratives; the web of words is a mesh of meanings, and a world of sense is a "world" or it is nothing. This is good: there is no "bare," "mere," "pure," which does not borrow quality from what it lacks; there are no "independent subsistents" or conceptless "entities"; and the empiricist swimming in seas of sense and the realist vaunting the whole-heartedness of "things" are alike left queazy and unsupported. Even at its minimal reduction experience possesses a pattern, and in its pattern is to be found not only the immediate reality, but also the ultimate salvation of all phenomena.

Indeed, Professor Hoernlé is quite at his best in his chapter on "saving the appearances" in the physical world. "We know physical things by perception, because every perception is a judgment interpreting sense-data as qualities of things." Sense-data are not to be explained or dismissed as given by instinct or instinctive belief; they are self-transcending, implicative *per se;* they are concrete universals (Mr. Hoernlé does not recognize a third chance, that they may be actually chaos); and the sum of our conclusion is that "we are not dealing with the tricks of an animal species, but with the nature of the world revealing itself in us." This nature goes on, as succeeding chapters show, revealing itself in ascending series, each implicative of what is above, synthetic of what is below. Mechanism and Vitalism is a shrewd criticism of the inadequacy of mechanical categories for the description of organic crescence and senescence, of life; and when we come to the mind, its saving, "like the saving of any other appearance, is effected . . . by devising a theory which accepts the appearance in question and exhibits it in its place in the order of the universe." For those biologists who are trying to reduce their science to physics, and for those psychologists who are trying to reduce their science to biology (each incidentally impoverishing his own proper subject-matter) these chapters should be hale reading. At the hierarchical apex is the self of self-consciousness. "A self, even more obviously than a mind, is a unique and individual focus or concentration of the elements of the universe"; as to genesis, it is "self-made and world-made"; and from its genesis may be inferred its fulfillment, for "the part also belongs to the whole, and the life of the whole pulses in the part; and this sense of being at one with, or at home in, the universe, is the complementary oscillation in the experience of being a self and, as such, an individual focus of the universe."

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With this Roycean phraseology echoing in mind we are prepared for the epilogic chapter on the philosophy of religion. Here the question of values comes fully to its own. "To acknowledge that *some* things in the universe are charged with interest and value is easy. To show that *all* things are, or rather that the *whole* is—for the value now in question is not to be taken distributively, as attaching to things in isolation, but as belonging to them through the whole of which they form part—this is a task not to be attempted by working with superficial impressions or shallow reflections. . . . The full sting of this problem of the value of the world from the point of view of the whole is concentrated in the problem of evil, and in that solution of it which in the language of religious experience is variously described as salvation from sin, reconciliation or union with God, freedom or escape from bondage." The direction which Mr. Hoernlé's own answer to this problem must take is indicated both by his mode of putting it and by the whole context of his work. He contents himself here with this indication; the details of the solution are reserved. But it is worth observing that the last moment of his thought, as he lays aside his pen, is a return to the study of religion "*above all in the lives of the men and women* who have in an eminent sense been inspired by its power and courage"—a return from the whole to the particulars. The italics are not his; back of them lies the great dubiety which all these brave and beautiful attempts to show that this world wherein we have our being is indeed a cosmos *sub ratione boni* fail to dispel. The teleological pattern in our own lives, and in the whole form of our knowledge, we must own; but is it therefore true that this pattern is once for all impressed upon the vast gloom of unfathomed possibility?

HARTLEY BURR ALEXANDER

Waifs and Strays of Thought

Six Theosophic Points and Other Writings by Jacob Böhme. Newly translated into English by John Rolleston Earle. Alfred A. Knopf.

The Antichrist. By F. W. Nietzsche. Translated from the German by H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf.

Pagan and Christian Creeds. By Edward Carpenter. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

Our Unseen Guest. Anonymous. Harper and Brothers.

Ghosts I Have Seen. By Violet Tweedale. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Book of the Damned. By Charles Fort. Boni and Liveright.

FRANZ CUMONT assures us that the study of human folly is often more instructive than that of ancient wisdom. If so, a rare opportunity for instruction may be found in the books poured forth from our presses to cater to the prevalent taste for mysticism, spiritism, comparative religion, pseudo-science, and what not—books as thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa, and mostly as dry. It may seem unfair to class among these works one by the famous Böhme, but, after all, his revival at just this time when the philosophers are divorcing old barren reason and marrying young instinct, when Evelyn Underhill is eloping with Jacopone da Todi, and Dean Inge is going on a spree with Plotinus, is but one more symptom of the anti-rationalist undertow beneath the flooding tide of science. Böhme was a great mystic, half-way between Tauler and Coleridge, "explaining metaphysics to the nation—I wish he would explain his explanation." It takes a special training to fathom the exact import of the "unground" (*Ungrund*, by other translators rendered "abyss"), "pansophic arcanum," "theoscopia," and the rest of his vocabulary. God, he wrote, was his natural element, though the eye of Reason could not see Him; heaven and hell are within ourselves; "envy is the devil's will-spirit"; and the wisdom of men is the foolishness of God.

The twilight of the idols that has made Böhme's form so indistinct has just begun to descend on Nietzsche, although, as his latest editor remarks, the recent war gave him a certain notoriety, exposing him, as a typical German, to "the naïve pishposh of suburban Methodists, notoriety-seeking college professors, almost illiterate editorial writers, and other such numskulls." The reason for reviving Nietzsche now, in Mr. Mencken's opinion, is the expectation that he will prove the most valuable ally of civilization against Bolshevism, which "he described clearly a generation ago for what it was and is—democracy in another aspect, the old *ressentiment* [whatever that may mean] of the lower orders in free function once more. Socialism, Puritanism, Philistinism, Christianity—he saw them all as allotropic forms of democracy, as variations of the struggle of quantity against quality." Mr. Mencken has, in the present contest between plutocracy and democracy, "laid his money upon the former," which "will win because it will be able, in the long run, to enlist the finer intelligences." But does Nietzsche have much weight with the finer intelligences now? The mob he despised has avenged itself by flocking, at certain times and places, to his oracle; he has been the prophet not of the thinker, but of the smart, half-educated agitator. The translation is good in that it gives a vivid reproduction of the hysterical quality of Nietzsche's style, dependent so largely on dashes and italics and capitals and dots.

But while Nietzsche was grandly blaspheming and gnashing his teeth at the cross of Christianity as portrayed in the New Testament, there were many scholars who might have told him that he was barking up the wrong tree. Since the time when Dupuis wrote his "Origine de tous les cultes" (1795) there has flourished a school that has found mythological elements pervading the Bible. The development of sun-myths, of vegetation-myths, and of sex-myths—as Mr. Edward Carpenter classifies them—left no room for any historical founder of either Judaism or Christianity. "They have taken away the Lord and we know not where they have laid him," and "as for this man Moses, we know not what has become of him." Mr. Carpenter, having written on "the cause and cure of civilization," now performs a similar service for religion. Some of the researches of Frazer and Lang and Tylor and other scholars are vulgarized by him, and conclusions drawn from their premises from which any of them would recoil. Many misstatements and many rash hypotheses are necessary to explain the Genesis of Christianity, and to prepare for its Exodus, since, according to the writer, the current religion must give way to "a Holy Human Church," not limited in its rites, but picking and choosing freely among the dogmas and ritual of primitive man. Perhaps Mr. Carpenter will favor us next with a study of "Sciolism, its Cause and Cure."

"Seein' things at night" has become one of the favorite indoor sports of the British and American publics. A lady and gentleman who prefer to remain unknown give us their word of honor that they have had most extraordinary experiences with a ouija-board. Mrs. Violet Tweedale, a daughter of the Scotch publisher Robert Chambers, offers us an entertaining account of her life, both of the moments when "the soul faints with a pallid anxiety that wraith-like envelopes the whole being in a thrall of sadness," and of "the dream world described by the Greeks as ecstasy." What with Queen Victoria and the ghost of Prince Charles Edward, with Newman, Browning, Jack the Ripper, Mme. Blavatsky, Henry Irving, and a satyr fresh from a "witches' sabbath"—still a common event, it seems—she has really had a most entertaining line of acquaintances. She has the power of curing her friends by prayer, and of foreseeing which horse will win the Derby.

"Beneath each lowest deep a lower deep." "The Book of the Damned" reminds one of Harnack's characterization of the Gnostic work "Pistis Sophia" as "dedicated to the propaganda of systematic idiocy." Mr. Charles Fort, with a zeal worthy of a scientist, has spent a life-time collecting newspaper stories of bodies that have fallen from the sky, such as hailstones

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as big as elephants, red, black, and green rains, butter, calves, putrid substances, and the like. He admits that observers have sometimes tried to explain these phenomena on known laws, as when Dr. Hitchcock examined a putrid substance alleged to have fallen from the sky at Amherst, and declared it to be a fungus, but Mr. Fort knows that the things dropped from the sky are messages from another world. If he continues his labor of collecting strange "facts," we recommend the following quotation from Prester John: "In our land be bears and lions of divers colors, as the red, green, white, and black. And in our land be also unicorns which slay many lions. Also there dare no man make a lie in our land, for if he did he should incontinent be slain."

PRESERVED SMITH

The Tragedy of John Redmond

John Redmond's Last Years. By Stephen Gwynn. Longmans, Green and Company.

MR. GWYNN'S book has not a little of the somber splendor of a Greek tragedy. Certainly a reading of it is indispensable to an understanding of Irish history in the last ten years. It records the history of a moving failure; and the record is set down with a fairness which even Redmond's most bitter opponents can hardly fail to praise. Mr. Gwynn writes from the angle of a Nationalist of the Dominion Home Rule school. But he is eminently just to his opponents, and he has even a word of appreciation for the costly malevolence of Sir Edward Carson. What seems mainly to emerge from his book is the intricate character of the Irish struggle. Simple solutions like that of Mr. de Valera on the one hand, or of Sir Edward Carson upon the other, do not really meet the confused facts at issue. The problem is not one of simple nationalism, of crude religious prejudice, of economic oppression, of complex misgovernment. All of them, doubtless, have their special contribution to make to the final issue. But no one can read Mr. Gwynn's history of these ten difficult years without the sense that a subtler background is involved.

The dominant impression of Mr. Gwynn's book is at once the justice of the Home Rule cause and the system of petty complexes by which it was frustrated. By 1914 the movement for which Redmond had struggled so bravely had reached its apogee. Ulster, indeed, was recalcitrant; and there is no reason to suppose that the Asquith government had that decisive temper which would have cut at the root of its gorgeous nonsense. The truth is that the Ulster movement had become entangled in the dangerous conventions of the English party-system. English opinion would never have understood the arrest of Sir Edward Carson for constructive treason. Still less would it have sanctioned the use of British troops to suppress the incipient revolt of which he stood sponsor. The Irish party was aloof from those subtle social connections by which English public opinion was, before 1914, so largely determined. The Ulstermen were at the centre of that system. The army, society, the court, the church, all these ponderous traditions were on their side. Englishmen, after all, were largely ignorant of the history which lay at the root of the Irish case. They knew that the martyrdom of the forties had been largely compensated by a generous social policy. There was latent in them that incurable suspicion of the Roman church which it is still easy to fan into flame. Against all these difficulties Redmond had to make his way. He was convinced of the impossibility of Sinn Fein. He knew how artificial in conception and sterile in consequence would be the admission of Ulsterism into an Irish settlement. What he was searching was some grand gesture whereby the oneness of a free Ireland with her neighbor might be made manifest.

The outbreak of war gave him a superb opportunity; and the use he made of it lights up in its generous magnificence the history of those tragic days. But the translation of his gesture into administrative terms was frustrated at every step by the inconceivable folly of the British War Office. How far that folly was, as Redmond more than once hinted, a positive malignity, it is difficult to judge. Certainly the documents are not yet to hand; and even when they come it is possible that much will have to be deduced from a bad unwritten tradition, even more from hints of secret conversations. Certain at least it is that Redmond was not trusted and that eulogistic confidence was showered upon Sir Edward Carson. The inevitable result followed. The administrative limitations of Lord Kitchener were taken by young Ireland to be the concerted policy of the British Cabinet. As the star of Sir Edward Carson rose, that of Redmond waned. If England flouted him, young Ireland would look to its own energies. He had already lost his hold when there came the fatal rebellion of 1916; thenceforward he was but a poor player on a stage usurped by other figures. Every new event only deepened the sense of failure and aloofness. The aftermath of the rebellion sharpened every antagonism it was British interest to placate. His brother was killed. The Convention broke down through Sir Edward Carson's insolent certainty that rebellion had won his case in the eyes of Allied opinion. No man could resist that burden of tragedies. It killed Redmond as certainly as the malevolence of misguided patriotism killed Jean Jaurès.

Yet, as Mr. Gwynn paints him, he remains a noble figure; and the judgment that, in the end, Ireland will not owe him the less because he failed has much to be said upon its behalf. The man who embraces a middle course will often lack the fascination and the daring of the extremist. He will have none of his ruthless logic. Constitutionalism will never challenge the glamour of revolt. Its victims are buried without the bugle sounding above their graves. But it is Redmond's persistency and patience which made the settlement of Ireland the dominant issue of English politics. It was his eloquence which made the cause for which he stood worthy of the zeal and earnestness he won for it. He was tireless, brave, and incorruptible. He never swerved from the straight path of duty. He loved Ireland none the less deeply because she deserted his ideals. It was a great spirit that amid despair could await with confidence the outcome of grave disaster.

HAROLD J. LASKI

The Temper of the Scot

Scottish Literature: Character and Influence. By G. Gregory Smith. The Macmillan Company.

"THE Scot is not a quarrelsome man, but he has a fine sense of the value of provocation." This pregnant sentence stands out as perhaps the most notable utterance in a volume in which many things are pithily said; it is quoted here because it so admirably expresses the temper of the author himself. That temper is so far from complaisant that at times one is tempted to think Professor Gregory Smith is really spoiling for a fight; but in general he remains merely provocative. The book, therefore, never becomes controversial, though the author has his doubts, in true Scottish fashion, about so many of the commonplaces of the textbooks that the result is a constant challenge, if not to deny, at least to examine afresh.

Of the ten essays which compose the volume five deal with an attempt to discern the individual character of Scottish Literature—if it has such; five with the influences it has exerted beyond the national boundaries. The author finds Scottish literature from the fifteenth century to our own day marked by two somewhat paradoxical moods: the one realistic, a fondness for specific, intimate detail, often resulting in a failure to see the wood for the trees; the other whimsical, irrational, fantastic, delighting in witches and elves. The former characteristic is generally admitted; the latter, which Mr. Smith supports with evidence from the brownies and bogles of Gavin

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Douglas to Andrew Lang's fairies and Peter Pan, has for a generation or more been looked at in the light of the "Celtic Magic" of Renan and Matthew Arnold. The examination of the question by Mr. Smith may not result in giving Scotland any monopoly of fairyland, but it goes far to dispose of the theory that this particular manifestation of the human imagination is due either in Scottish or English literature to the influence of the Celts of Ireland or Wales or Scotland. On the positive side he is less cogent. He is aware, of course, that neither naturalism nor supernaturalism is the special property of the Scot, so that his attempt at finding specific national quality results in little more than this: that in Scottish literature we find persistently and pervasively these contradictory elements as warp and woof.

The chapters on Scottish influence are an excellent and restrained statement of the Northern contribution to the Romantic revival, much of it necessarily not new, but put with freshness and uncommon exactitude.

The style of the book is even more provocative than the matter. Mr. Smith writes with a constant fear of being obvious or banal, so that even simple things cannot be said simply. Allusive to an extreme, he cannot escape the charge of ostentation in the use of his wide reading; and he avoids flatness at the expense of occasional obscurity and affectation. But the book contains much good writing and independent thinking.

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON.

Criticism by Antithesis

Jane Austen. By O. W. Firkins. Henry Holt and Company.

Crichton. Since we landed on the island, my lord, it seems to me that Mr. Ernest's epigrams have been particularly brilliant.

Ernest (gratified). Thank you, Crichton.

Crichton. But I find—I seem to find it growing wild, my lord, in the woods, that sayings which would be justly admired in England are not much use on an island. I would therefore respectfully propose that henceforth every time Mr. Ernest favors us with an epigram his head should be immersed in a bucket of cold spring water.

(*There is a terrible silence.*)

Antithetical juggling and epigrammatic sleight-of-hand may be admired in the process of carving up an imagist poet or a naturalistic playwright; perhaps they distract the reader's attention from the dullness of the subject; but they are not much use in criticizing Miss Austen. To change the figure, the cornea of Mr. Firkins's eye, as he might himself say, is prismatic; it breaks up the light of common day into brilliant and contrasted colors. He must see antithesis everywhere; he does see it almost everywhere in Jane Austen. The result is that he paints a sort of cubist portrait of her, which would pass unrecognized were it not labeled with her name. His method can best be illustrated in miniature by quoting a stanza of his poem To Jane Austen, which is printed at the beginning of the book.

O eye of eagle and of mole,
Thou shrewd and penetrating soul,
Yet off thy little English knoll
  So impotent and vain;
Satiric—yet beneath thy glee
An orgy of propriety,
Thou riotest in decency,
  Invulnerable Jane!

This is at least as false as it is clever; and so is much of the book. One is inclined to apply to Mr. Firkins what he says of Arnold Bennett: "Some times he seems little more than a salver for his own pleasantries." Occasionally he seems to suspect that his method of portraying Miss Austen is not quite successful; thus he remarks "It sometimes seems as if the main business of life were to confute our expectations, to upset our theories, and to blunt our epigrams." In this respect, at least, Miss Austen's novels prove their lifelikeness.

The first and larger part of the book is devoted to a detailed analysis of the novels. This elaborate survey is marked by a truly curious infelicity, at its worst, perhaps, in the chapters on "Northanger Abbey" and "Persuasion," with each of which the critic finds a hundred faults. Even in the discussion of "Pride and Prejudice," which is Mr. Firkins's favorite, the reader is constantly irritated by captious and perverse judgments. The best chapter in the series is the one dealing with "Emma"; here, where Jane Austen comes nearest to the modern realists, Mr. Firkins is least unfair to her. Emma he regards as the only one of Miss Austen's major characters who is drawn with really accurate shading. An amusing trait of the book is his constant reproaching of Miss Austen for her "pyrotechnic quality" and "exaggeration." Must he have all the fireworks to himself? Part II discusses The Realist, and Part III The Woman. The author's main purpose, we are told at the beginning of Part II, is "the correction of certain common misapprehensions as to the nature and extent of [Miss Austen's] truth to life." The standard by which he judges truth to life appears to be the work of John Galsworthy. He finds that Miss Austen's accuracy, even in her narrow field, is "subject to two great deductions—a deduction on the score of decoration or convention and another on the score of extravagance or hyperbole." By the first he means that Miss Austen often makes her ladies and gentlemen speak with eighteenth-century literary formality; by the second, that she frequently uses the "humor" method of characterization. These points are obvious enough; we do not need a volume to prove that Miss Austen's dialogue is more formal than Mr. Galsworthy's, or that she liked salient characters better than he does. Like all great artists, Miss Austen used the literary conventions of her time; like most great writers of fiction and drama she allowed herself to present some characters from a single point of view, and to heighten their peculiarities somewhat. But Mr. Firkins, constantly accusing her of exaggeration, has enormously exaggerated these traits. Out of them he has succeeded in imagining a Miss Austen who is "one vile antithesis." In "creative criticism" does the critic create the author in his own image?

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Blake and Gibran

Twenty Drawings. By Kahlil Gibran. Alfred A. Knopf.

THE drawings in this book are by a Syrian who the publishers tell us "has brought the mysticism of the Near East to America and has chosen to throw in his lot with the artists of the Occident in an endeavor to fuse new bonds of interest between the old world and the new." This theme of the publishers is further elaborated in an interpretative essay by Miss Alice Raphael which prefaces the volume. This essay plucks out the heart of Gibran's mystery with a professional flourish. It burns incense to Gibran's art mainly upon its symbolical side—where it is weakest! It finds all manner of remote and subtle implications in the artist's work which make rather persuasive reading until we carefully examine the drawings themselves. We will probably reject first of all the fantastic notion that Gibran's symbolism is a peculiar heritage of the Arabic race-mind which has been grafted upon the traditions of the West as a novel contribution to a present era weary of ante-bellum realism; for it is difficult to see how the most adept of those who distil sublimations can recognize in Gibran's art any essence which countless Occidental artists might not equally claim.

His drawings call up instantaneously to the memory the tinted pencil sketches of Rodin; they strive for the massiveness of Rodin but attain instead a feminine sweetness of touch and conception. They hint strongly too of the methods and mannerisms of Leonardo da Vinci. No strong individuality rises above this electicism to make the borrowings its own. This does not mean that Gibran's art, though derivative, does not possess a genuine merit of its own. His best drawings are conceived with sim-

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plicity and executed with adequate draughtsmanship. His delicate, flexible handling of line is his most distinctive claim to artistic recognition. His group compositions are stiff and cumbersome, but his single figures often have undeniable beauty. The one called Flight, for instance, is gracious and charming in its flow of line, and there is no ambiguity about the illusion it conveys of movement through space. Another lovely conception of the female figure is entitled The Burden. The sensitive portrait called The Blind has more genuine symbolism than anything in the book. Although it seems reminiscent of Leonardo's Saint Anne, it is a beautiful drawing and deserves unstinted praise. There is something extraordinarily appealing in the wistful blind face with its troubled forehead—the pathos of its unutterable isolation of soul. Gibran unfortunately has included in this volume a number of drawings too tentative and experimental to stand beside his more authoritative work. They are timid in execution—mere empty generalizations muffling a confused symbolism. Doubtless they are interesting enough as play for the artist. His wrist gets a certain amount of exercise as he whips his pencil again and again over the outline as if trying by sheer strength alone to beat the drawing into something decisive and significant. There is little wisdom, however, in presenting such gymnastics to the public. The hierophants of Modernist æsthetic criticism pounce upon performances of this kind and exaggerate their importance with loud ecstatic shrieks. Into the most inconsequential of scrawlings they read mysterious attributes which they propound in a jargon as abstract as that of mediæval Scholasticism. Any crude sketch with a suggestion of primitive distortion or naïveté sets them to foaming like sibyls. A symbolical title enhances the titillation.

Gibran's symbolism is hailed as the chief source of his power. Rodin is reported to have said of him: "I know of no one else in whom poetry and drawing are so linked as to make him a new Blake." This remark is hardly worth serious consideration. To the thoughtful student who knows his Blake, the conceptions of Gibran are tepid indeed by comparison. In Blake the atmosphere is charged with electricity—the symbols leap and swim in pools of sidereal fire. The brain of the beholder is shocked and terrified by their conflicts, their agonizings. In Gibran's art is no ruffled surface—the symbols are as lifeless as a cluster of dull bubbles on still water. In Blake the symbol and its objective embodiment are organic. In Gibran they fall apart. Beside the cosmic sweep of Blake, Gibran seems a self-conscious sentimentalist when he deals with symbols. His symbols strike us as titular—the tacked-on product of afterthought. Gibran's art is sometimes more interesting than Blake's, but not in its symbolical aspect. In one of Gibran's drawings labelled The Greater Self, a naked giant coddles a pigmy-like figure in his bosom. The giant seems to be tickling the soles of the unresponsive pigmy's feet. As we study the title we feel that the artist pondered a long time before he decided what the drawing might be construed to mean. The same is true of The Innermost, a fine drawing of a man's bowed figure in a familiar art-school pose; again the title seems adventitious. Another example is The Great Aloneness, in which a supine female sleeps while dim figures in tortuous embrace flee by in the wind. It might be Great Catherine of Russia watching the storm of carnal souls that swept Paolo and Francesca to the feet of Dante. No facetious speculation would dare attempt a transposition of Blake's terrifying symbols. The scoffer's brains might suddenly be burned to a cinder in his skull. Gibran's symbols, even if we admit that they occasionally cast pale lights through the fog, contract the soul's experiences to a pin-point of illumination. The chief discovery that can be squeezed out of Gibran's symbolical offerings is that the soul of man, if not yet free of the beast, is yearning upward toward hopeful release. Gibran's message is not one of arcane transcendencies, but one of graceful emotional exposition of form. There his work is valuable and secure.

GLEN MULLIN

Class-Conscious

Modes and Morals. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. Charles Scribners's Sons.

THE class-consciousness of the proletarian is a vice; that of the aristocrat, both a virtue and a duty! With this elementary distinction in mind, it will be obvious that no adverse criticism is implied in the statement that Mrs. Gerould's "Modes and Morals" is a class-conscious document. The traditions and standards of an aristocracy of culture determine the character of its social and literary comment. It is a culture with a Puritan strain: no person, warns Mrs. Gerould in an essay subtly delimiting the boundaries of truth—no person who likes to lie should ever be permitted to do so. Yet it is a culture more at home in a limited monarchy than in a republic. For where the only aristocracy is one of wealth, the cultured but shabbily-dressed descendant of half a dozen Signers is regarded as a social inferior by rich women whose fathers perhaps carried dinner-pails. Now, one of the "charming minor purposes of an hereditary aristocracy is the social countenancing of dowdiness." "A duchess may be as dowdy as she likes; and other women may with impunity be the less smart in a land where there are always duchesses being dowdy." The essays in this delightful vein were evidently written before the ever-lengthening shadow of the Russian Revolution darkened Mrs. Gerould's mind and alarmed her class-consciousness. And an alarmed class-consciousness inspires comment that is neither tolerant nor gracious nor truly discerning. Even before the advent of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies, certain characteristics of contemporary fiction disturbed Mrs. Gerould. The Humanitarian Hero, for instance, with his wild democratic ideas, was a portent of change. The heroes of the younger English novelists insist upon taking us into the company of the unclassed; their excursions into the underworld are the modern equivalent of the grand tour. They are in constant protest against established conventions. Their actual sins are feeble and silly in comparison with the bold deeds of the Heathcliffs and Rochesters of the past. But these earlier rebels were at one with society in regarding themselves as sinners, and "you will not hurt society much while you accept its categories." The modern rebel refuses to regard himself as a sinner, he denies the jurisdiction of the court, and no attitude can be more subversive of established institutions than that.

The weapon of ridicule is used effectively against the novelists. Abuse is reserved for the more threatening challenge of Labor. Mrs. Gerould sees her class, the educated people in moderate circumstances with a decent tradition of culture back of them, who care for the life of the intellect and the spirit, threatened by the dominance of the "gorged and flattered workingman." What can "we of the minority" do to save our values from extinction? We must leave the motor-cars, the delicacies of the table, the jewels, and the joy-rides to Labor, and form an almost religious brotherhood for the practice of the austere life. Inevitable physical deprivations will be mitigated by the contemplation of great art, great ideas, and great poetry. A perfectly developed courtesy and the capacity for silence will atone for the lack of space and privacy. The coarser contacts will be eliminated by the use of impersonal machinery. The brotherhood may be short of coal, but not of logic, for it will cherish the logic that the wealthy miners and Mr. Arthur Henderson have discarded. If the logic displayed in this essay on "The New Simplicity" is representative of that to be cherished by the brotherhood, Mr. Henderson did well to discard it: a logic that recognizes the uneducative character of modern machine processes, yet blames the workman for his lack of mental grasp and breadth of view; that professes to be passionately concerned with humanity, yet sees no connection between the comforts of "impersonal" machinery and the soul-starving work

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of mine and factory. The virtue of the brotherhood is to be of the fugitive and cloistered kind, unexercised in contest with the lords of the earth. This is discouraging news. It means more labor for those who are so much concerned with the preservation of immaterial values that they seek to comprehend and further the best aspirations of Labor. And someone must contest the earth with the lords thereof. Otherwise even the retired brotherhood will presently be unable to buy milk.

At one point only is Mrs. Gerould's class-consciousness vulnerable. The haunting melodies of "Gospel Hymns, No. 5," remembered from an Evangelical youth, touch whatever in her is emotional, vulgar, low-brow, democratic, and "mobbish." The words do not matter; the appeal is wholly to "the sensual ear." If ever a proletarian army, its blood-red banners streaming, marches past chanting subversive doctrine to the music of The Son of God Goes Forth to War, or Throw Out the Life-Line, Mrs. Gerould will be hopelessly evangelized.

DOROTHY BREWSTER.

From Foreign Fields

Tales of My Native Town. By Gabriele D'Annunzio. Translated by Rafael Mantellini. Introduction by Joseph Hergesheimer. Doubleday, Page and Company.

Souls Divided. By Matilde Serao. Translated by William Collinge. Brentano's.

Their Son. The Necklace. By Eduardo Zamacois. Translated by G. A. England. Boni and Liveright.

Niels Lyhne. By J. P. Jacobsen. Translated by H. A. Larsen. The American-Scandinavian Foundation.

Sara Videbeck and The Chapel. By C. J. L. Almquist. Translated by A. B. Benson. The American-Scandinavian Foundation.

An Honest Thief and Other Stories. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. From the Russian by Constance Garnett. The Macmillan Company.

WITH soft and lingering persuasiveness Mr. Hergesheimer compares the short stories of Gabriele D'Annunzio and those in our own magazines. The stuff of the latter is absurdly isolated and purged; D'Annunzio's are "unsparing" and cannot be read by "anyone not impressed by the beauty of sheer living as a spectacle." Now one would not care to waste a word of defense on the false and tepid yarns that clutter our periodicals. But these tales of D'Annunzio illustrate, in another and artistically nobler and severer tradition, conventions almost as rigid. Although he writes of his native town of Pescara, D'Annunzio repeats the motive of Flaubert's Un Cœur Simple (Mr. Hergesheimer seems to confuse it with Maupassant's "Une Vie") in The Virgin Anna, and of Maupassant's La Ficelle in The Downfall of Candia. Nor is his brutality so much the result of an "unsparing" vision in search of truth as the expression of a type of literary temperament that veers from eroticism in youth ("Il Trionfo dell' Morte") to cruelty in age. The stories are of course arresting and at times brilliant. D'Annunzio's powerful gifts are beyond question today. But the innocent American of Mr. Hergesheimer's implication could expend his awe and admiration on better things than the last leaves on the tree of the French naturalism of the seventies.

Signora Serao's book seems fresher because she takes up an even older strain. Paolo Ruffo hears a voice singing an air of Gluck and his fate has found him. He pours out his passion in letters to the at first unknown and always unapproached object of his adoration, and these lyrical letters—written with the large mellifluous melody of George Sand's prose—constitute the volume. Need one add that Diana Sforza is noble, divinely beautiful, and poor? Or that, to aid her orphaned brothers and sisters, she has agreed to contract an alliance with an elderly and dour and fabulously wealthy British diplomat? Or that she bears her martyrdom in silence and only on her death-bed bids a humble friend seek out Paolo and say that she has always loved him? Until then she has kept silent. "Ella non rispose." The friend seeks Paolo in vain. On a foreign shore his bruised heart has found rest. You think of crinolines and keepsakes and 1830 and the plangent, melancholy stanzas of Musset's Souvenir. The story is like a pressed flower suddenly found in the pages of a Lamartine. For a moment it gives you the nostalgia of the past. Then it crumbles.

Eduardo Zamacois is his own man. He does not write with his eye on Flaubert or George Sand, or like his countryman Blasco Ibáñez, on Zola. He keeps his eye on the object. His mood is far more modern than D'Annunzio's. He is fearlessly but not subjectively brutal. Horrors are a part of life's tragedy, but not a delectable part. He speaks no word of pity, but his unspoken implications are humane. Their Son is a novelette of a very high order of merit, and Amadeo Zureda and Rafaela characters made of enduring stuff. The action is rapid, the pathos bare and virile, the observation of circumstance exact. The author holds power in reserve; he possesses his own soul; he sees his people and their fate with a steady and sober vision. The Necklace is more hectic in atmosphere and the theft of the jewels is somewhat wildly conceived. But the portrait of the courtesan Alicia is just and luminous and errs by an excess of neither sentiment nor cruelty. Mr. England's account of the fecundity of Zamacois makes one doubtful of the steadiness of the Spaniard's quality. But more stories like these would not come amiss.

The stories of the North are all stories of seekers and of pilgrimages. The seekers do not always know what they seek; their road is often lost in the blue. But there is no rest for their feet. They know reality quite as closely as the Latins, but it gives them no content. The visible world exists for them, as it did for Gautier, but they desire it to be, as Goethe's earth-spirit says, the living garment of the deity. In youth they transfigure the things of the earth through their vision and seek always to recapture them in that guise. "We called them by the same names," says Niels's friend, "that they bear in reality, but we meant something entirely above and beyond comparison with this tame sufficiency." Of this process Jacobsen writes with a beautiful precision and a frugal poetry of touch. The account of Niels Lyhne's boyhood has a depth of insight even in matters of sex that is rare in the Romance writers. Later the narrative seems a little hurried and huddled as though vitality to exhaust his subject had gradually failed the author. But this uncommonly sensitive translation of a memorable book is cordially to be welcomed.

The semi-realistic stories of the eccentric Swede Almquist have no very vivid interest in themselves today. But the student of the art of fiction and, indeed, of the whole of modern literature, will do well to ponder the works and ways of a man who in 1839—eighteen years before the publication of "Mme. Bovary"—wrote these words: "Men have believed the moral to be merely the general, which has, therefore, been called the pure. Neither have they realized that, in the privacy of all personality, only that is repudiable which is contrary to the true purpose of creation in any particular person. . . . We must first learn to know people themselves and observe them in their nooks and corners. . . . If their experiences are genuine, they constitute, no matter how peculiar, the indispensable condition for a correct knowledge of the matter."

It is an instinctive grasp of the source of such knowledge that constitutes the greatness of the Russian novelists. The stories and sketches in this volume of Dostoevsky are not among his best. His humor is not happy; his compassion is less exercised when he deals with the higher ranks of society. Compare the dryness of Another Man's Wife with the exquisite freshness of feeling in The Peasant Marey. But always there is the incomparable steadfastness of vision and innocence of the imagination that follows life, that does not seek to distort it, and that finds man in his humanity alone.

L. L.

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